

The Daily Mirror.

No. 12.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1903.

One Penny.

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is often disfigured by a rough, lifeless Skin, while many otherwise
plain faces are made lovely by a clear, pure complexion. . . .

Dr. Mackenzie's Complexion Soap

BRINGS BEAUTY TO EVERY FACE.

It preserves a fine complexion, and restores a poor one, making
it soft and smooth and removing all blemishes.

Sold by Chemists in 6d. tablets.

Tell your Chemist you must have "Mackenzie's" or write

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GREAT AUTUMN SALE.

FOR ONE WEEK
ONLY

SEND A POSTCARD FOR OUR CATALOGUE
OF GREAT BARGAINS.
TOO NUMEROUS TO DETAIL.

DON'T FAIL TO ORDER YOUR REQUIRE-
MENTS NOW AND
THUS SECURE THEM AT SALE PRICES.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Owing to Trade Depression
caused by the recent in-
clement weather, we have
been enabled to purchase
several

MANUFACTURERS' STOCKS

AT

ENORMOUS REDUCTIONS,

The benefit of which we now
offer to our numerous cus-
tomers.

COMMENCING
MONDAY, November 16

ORDER AT ONCE TO SAVE DISAPPOINTMENT,
AS LETTER ORDERS WILL
BE EXECUTED IN STRICT ROTATION.

WONDERFUL BARGAINS IN ALL
DEPARTMENTS.



The "Perfecta" Talking Machine.

In describing the results attained with this machine and our new SALON RECORDS, we are tempted to print the opinion of one of the greatest experts on Talking Machines—

"IT IS NO LONGER A PHONOGRAPH."

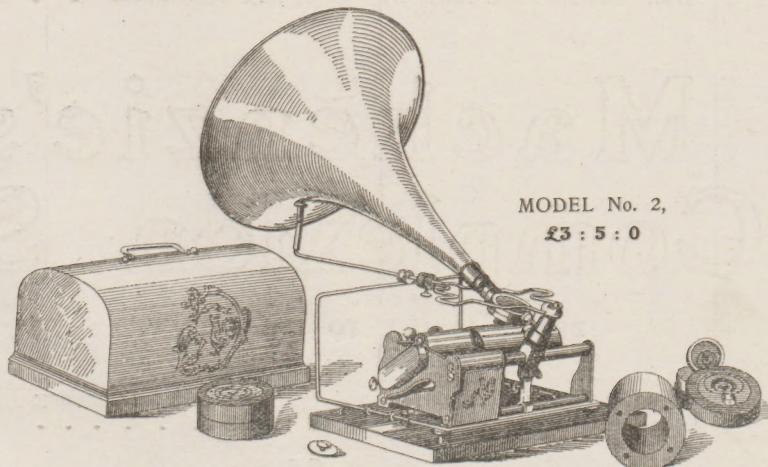
Hear a reproduction on the "Perfecta" of a song by Madame Kirkby Lunn, Ada Reeve, or any of the well-known artistes, which our list comprises, and you will agree with us that this is no mere machine, but a "HUMAN THING." Inventors have for years been attempting to invent a Talking Machine that reproduces accurately, without the buzzing nasal sound, and scratching and whirring, which has hitherto been associated with this class of instrument. The "Perfecta" accomplishes this.

MODEL No. 1.

Running 5 records with
each winding.

£6 : 15 : 0

INCLUDING REPRODUCER,
RECORDER,
LARGE ALUMINIUM HORN, &c.



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Running 1 record with
each winding.

£3 : 5 : 0

(as Illustration)

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RECORDER,
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This Machine takes both small and the new intermediate Salon Records. The quality of tone of the new records can best be described by simply saying they are records made by the finest singers known to our time, and are absolute reproductions of the human voice.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Squally winds and gales; mild and cloudy; rain in all districts.

Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 5.11.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel and North Sea, moderate to rough; Irish Channel, very rough.

The Daily Mirror.

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318th Day of Year.

Saturday, Nov. 14, 1903.

47 days to Dec. 31.

1903.	Nov.	Dec.
Sun. ...	15 22 29 ...	6 13
Mon. ...	16 23 30 ...	7 14
Tues. ...	17 24 ...	8 15
Wed. ...	18 25 ...	2 9 16
Thurs. ...	19 26 ...	3 10 17
Fri. ...	20 27 ...	4 11 18
Sat. ...	14 21 28 ...	5 12 19

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

Topsy-Turvy Politics.

What is really happening in the political world? Who belongs to what party? What does which party represent? And to how many of such parties, all holding widely different views on vital questions, may a politician honestly belong? What does it all mean?

These are questions which we imagine that the ordinary citizen who is not an expert politician, and has not time to read five or six columns of speeches every day, must ask himself or herself at least two or three times in the course of each week. We are prompted to a confession of our bewilderment by the spectacle afforded last night of Mr. BALFOUR and Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH appearing side by side on the same platform, and apparently in the same tabernacle, at a political banquet held at Bristol.

Mr. BALFOUR, as chief of the political party now in power, is virtually a protectionist—that is to say he approves of the principle of retaliation. Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH is, he said last night, a free trader and a shining light of the Free Food League. Puzzle number one: What are these two doing on the same platform? The Duke of DEVONSHIRE resigned his position in the Cabinet because he did not agree with the views expressed by Mr. BALFOUR in his Sheffield speech. He is also the President of the Free Food League, but the Free Food League is, according to the public statements of many of its members, perfectly loyal to, and prepared to support, Mr. BALFOUR. Puzzle number two: Why then is the Duke of DEVONSHIRE (a) president of the Free Food League, or (b) why is he not still a member of the Cabinet? Again, Mr. RITCHIE is another vice-president of the Free Food League. He has also stated that he would in any case have retired from the Government after Mr. BALFOUR's Sheffield speech, because he could not possibly agree with the principles laid down in it. Puzzle number three: How does Mr. RITCHIE come to be vice-president of a league that is professedly loyal to Mr. BALFOUR? Further, Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN is a protectionist like his father, and is favourable to a preferential tariff. He is also still a member of the Government. Puzzle number four: Why is he still a member of the Government, from which his father, whose views he shares, found it necessary to separate himself?

These are only a few of the problems that present themselves to an unbiased inquirer after political knowledge. There are many other subsidiary problems as (for example) that very minor one: What is the Free Food League? And how can a free food league be in agreement with Mr. BALFOUR? And how can Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH, who revived the tax upon corn, be a vice-president of the league which exists to abolish all taxes on food stuffs? These questions lead us but round and round the circle of bewilderment. To pursue them is to have an intellectual experience similar to the physical adventure of "looping the loop." We confess that it is beyond us to find any satisfactory solution of them; and yet there must be many honest citizens in this country who are genuinely interested in the economic destiny of the Empire, and who would be sincerely grateful if the convolutions of the Fiscal problem could by some means or other be a little straightened out.

We are almost inclined to think that beside these bewildering contradictions there is something agreeable and refreshing in the attitude of those who say, "What is good enough for Joe is good enough for me," or "What was good enough for Cobden is good enough for me." It is so magnificently illogical that it is almost sublime; and after all, it seems to get us just about as far forward as all the logic of the Topsy-turvy politicians.

To-Day's News at a Glance.

Social.

Before the King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales and a large number of invited guests at Sandringham last night, Mr. Lewis Waller's company performed the comedy, "A Marriage of Convenience."

Extraordinary precautions are being taken to safeguard the King and Queen of Italy from the assaults of anarchists while they are in England.

King Christian of Denmark was gazetted last night as a general in the British Army.

Last night the condition of Lord Roberts was stated to be satisfactory.

There was a marked improvement in Prince Soltykoff's condition yesterday.

Canon Brodrick officiated, while Mr. Brodrick, Secretary of State for India, was one of the chief mourners at the funeral of the Hon. George Brodrick yesterday at Pepe Harow.

Political.

Mr. Balfour and Sir Michael Hicks Beach were the chief speakers at the Colston banquet last night at Bristol. The latter declared himself in favour of retaliation.

Mr. Chamberlain is to be approached with a view to his addressing a mass meeting in the East End.

Lord Hugh Cecil will preside at the Free Food League meeting to be addressed by Sir John Gorst at Oxford on Monday.

Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P., complains of the small response to Lord Rosebery's plea for political peace.

On the Fiscal question the Duke of Marlborough declared yesterday at Carlisle that he intended to follow Mr. Balfour.

Captain Middleton, the late chief Conservative agent, was presented last night with a silver cigar-box by the Metropolitan Conservative agents.

All the arrangements were completed yesterday for the formation of a Colonial section of the Tariff Reform League.

Home.

Three arches of a viaduct collapsed yesterday near Cheltenham, killing several men and injuring ten others.

What is known as cross traffic is the main cause of the congestion in London streets, states the Assistant Commissioner of Metropolitan Police.

Dublin yesterday welcomed home the 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, who have just returned after nineteen years' foreign service.

Edward Richard Palmer, who is to be executed at Devozes on Tuesday for the murder of a barmaid at Swindon, has been confirmed in the prison chapel by the Bishop of Salisbury.

One large house was wrecked and twelve others damaged by a terrific gas explosion in Mayall-road, Brixton, last night.

George Nash, the old Lancashire professional bowler, died yesterday at Aylesbury.

While taking part in a debate concerning the offer of a Carnegie library to the Itchen Urban District Council, Hants, Mr. James Martin fell back in his chair dead.

Arrangements are being made by a company to lessen the cost of the Finsen light and other "radiant cures" to middle-class patients in London.

When presenting a school shield for miniature rifle shooting in London yesterday Lord Grenfell emphasised the need for military training in schools.

Robert Drysdale, who had lost an eye and an arm, yesterday jumped down the shaft, 700 feet deep, of a Haddingtonshire coal-pit and was killed.

In consideration of his eminent services to science, Lord Kelvin at Carlisle yesterday received the honorary degree of D.Sc. from the University of Wales.

Law Courts.

Some striking evidence regarding the practice of vivisection was given at yesterday's hearing of the libel action brought by Professor Bayliss against the Hon. Stephen Coleridge.

In accordance with a judicial decision given yesterday Mr. Whitaker Wright is to be tried before a special jury in the High Court instead of at the Old Bailey.

Unsuccessful application was made yesterday for an injunction to prevent Mr. Harry Randall from performing at the forthcoming Drury Lane pantomime.

Two men were sentenced to death yesterday, one at Manchester and the other at Chelmsford. The victim was a woman in each case.

Charged with breaking about fifty windows at a Chelsea church, William Elliott was yesterday sentenced to two months' hard labour. He recently served a long term of imprisonment.

While in custody at Dublin, charged with conspiracy to defraud, John Godley was yesterday further charged with bigamy, and remanded.

Colonial.

Two men have committed a daring train robbery in the Transvaal, stealing specie to the amount of £10,000 from one of the carriages.

Bitter feeling still prevails in Canada in connection with the Alaskan Boundary award. The Toronto Liberal Club has passed a resolution censuring Lord Alverstone.

Lord Milner leaves England for South Africa on November 23.

Sir Daniel Morris, Agricultural Commissioner for the West Indies, has advised the planters to cultivate cotton extensively and thus render British manufacturers less dependent upon foreign sources.

The Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen has decided to invite English crews to compete in the annual regatta next year.

It is officially denied that a large force of Hottentot rebels are approaching the Cape Colony border.

For use as a central military camp the Canadian Government has resolved to purchase a tract of territory, thirty-two square miles in extent, to the north of Ottawa.

Durban Chamber of Commerce to-day unanimously decided to support Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy.

Foreign.

General Egerton's force will have the assistance of some 4,000 Abyssinian troops in the forthcoming operations against the Mullah in Somaliland.

Fighting between Russian and Chinese troops is reported to have occurred near Shan-hai-Kwan.

Last night's telegrams from Washington state that 1,600 United States troops have been ordered to be in readiness to proceed to Panama.

By a substantial majority the French Chamber has decided that an enquiry shall be held into the Humbert affair.

Mr. Marconi was received at San Rossore yesterday by the King of Italy, who afterwards drove in his motor-car to Coltans with the inventor to select the site for the projected ultra-powerful wireless telegraph section.

At Rome yesterday the pallium was conferred upon Dr. Bourne, the new Archbishop of Westminster.

The Kaiser has asked the Liverpool Corporation for copies of the plans of their municipal dwellings recently inaugurated by Princess Louise.

Sir Nicholas O'Connor, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, was yesterday received by the Sultan in private audience.

British jams, biscuits, and other sugared products are heavily penalised by the new Belgian tariff on imported confectionery.

President Roosevelt yesterday recognised the new Panama Republic by receiving its Minister Plenipotentiary.

Complaint has been made to the authorities at Ferrol that two British steamers have been fired on and damaged by twenty-five Spanish vessels.

News from Ostend states that the steamer Pax has been on fire in the North Sea. The captain and chief officer, who were partially asphyxiated, narrowly escaping death. The fire has been extinguished.

Fervent excitement marked yesterday's session of the New York cotton market, and prices again scored higher records for the season.

Consuela, once the most luxuriously-fitted yacht afloat, has been purchased by the Admiralty, to be used as a surveying vessel in Australian waters.

The trial of the persons implicated in the rioting at Kishineff in April last, when there was a wholesale massacre of the Jewish population, will commence on November 19.

One of Finland's most notable historians and senators, M. Yrjo Koskinen, died at Helsingfors, yesterday, aged seventy-three.

SANDRINGHAM THEATRICALS.

COMEDY PERFORMED BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN.

A SUCCESSFUL PERFORMANCE.

Last night's "command" performance at Sandringham, entrusted to Mr. Lewis Waller and his company in Mr. Sydney Grundy's version of Alexandre Dumas' comedy, "Un Mariage Sous Louis XV.," Englished as "A Marriage of Convenience," took place after a series of "shoots," in which the King and a succession of guests have been conspicuous. The cast was as follows:—

Comte de Candale -	Mr. Lewis Waller
Chevalier de Valcos -	Mr. Thomas Kington
The General -	Mr. Sydney Valentine
Jasmin -	Mr. J. Byron
Act. Officer -	Mr. Frank Dyall
A Suisse -	Mr. Edward Ferris
A Footman -	Mr. Eric Scott
Comtesse de Candale -	Miss Grace Lane
Morton -	Miss Kate Phillips
Soldiers -	Mr. Digan and Mr. Victor Lewis

Their Majesties the King and Queen, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Princess Victoria, and Princess Charles of Denmark, their Majesties' guests staying at Sandringham, and the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting were present at the performance, which took place in the newly-built ballroom.

Official List of Invitations.

Representatives of the leading county families, as well as the Sandringham tenantry, had been honoured with invitations, and among those present were Viscount and Viscountess Marsham, Sir William and Lady Folkes, and Captain and Hon. J. and Mrs. Dawnay, Sir Alfred and Lady Bagge, Sir Edward Green, Mr. and Mrs. Hamon le Strange and the Misses le Strange, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Roland le Strange, Lady and Miss Jarvis, Sir Alan and Lady Manby and Miss Manby, Canon and Mrs. Hervey and Miss Alexandra Hervey, Vice-Admiral R. Hamond, Mrs. and Miss Seymour, Mrs. Edward Birbeck and Mrs. Ralli, Major Charles Seymour, Mr. Thomas Hare and Mrs. Anthony Hamond, Mr. and Mrs. Scmerville Gurney, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Bagge, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Elwes and Miss Violet Elwes, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Fountaine, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss North, Mr. and Mrs. F. North, Captain and Mrs. Digby, Commander and Mrs. Cave Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Critchley Martin, the Rev. and Mrs. Francis Folkes, the Rev. and Mrs. H. Corbould Warren, the Rev. and Mrs. H. Thursby, the Rev. and Mrs. E. J. Teesdale, the Rev. W. C. Waters, the Rev. F. Staveley.

Mr. Waller's Company.

Mr. Lewis Waller and his company travelled down from London by the ordinary 12.5 from St. Pancras, and, after the performance they will leave Wolferton by special train, arriving home in the small hours of the morning.

Mr. Waller had had special scenery prepared for the occasion; and the play had been carefully rehearsed beforehand under the new conditions imposed by a more restricted stage than that to which the company is accustomed.

Last night's theatricals, which the *Daily Mirror* correspondent wires passed off most successfully, formed one of the attractions of the birthday celebrations. Such performances are rather of rare occurrence at their Majesties' Norfolk home; though, on several similar occasions an improvised theatre has been erected and room found for players and audience. Now, however, after the erection of the spacious ballroom, they may be more frequent.

Previous Command Performances.

But few companies have been honoured with a command to play before the royal circle. The late Mr. Edgar Bruce, once a manager connected with the Gilbert and Sullivan musical comedies, was so honoured; Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. J. L. Toole, Sir Henry Irving, Mr. John Hare, Mr. Seymour Hicks; while Mr. Dan Leno's appearance before the King and Queen was the more notable, as being the first occasion on which a prominent favourite of the music halls was commanded to appear before royalty.

Perhaps the most memorable theatrical performance that Sandringham has ever witnessed was that given during the visit of the late Queen Victoria, when "The Bells" and the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice" were given by Miss Ellen Terry and Sir Henry Irving at the special request of Queen Victoria, whose taste in drama turned decidedly towards the "grand style" that was so prevalent in her younger days.

THE PREMIER AT BRISTOL.

MR. BALFOUR DEFENDS FISCAL RETALIATION.

SIR M. HICKS-BEACH SUPPORTS HIS CHIEF.

A special degree of interest attached to the speech of the Prime Minister at Bristol last night, so much has happened in the political world since his great Sheffield address. An additional piece of interest was added by the fact that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, was addressing the same audience as his old leader, and some doubt existed as to exactly what line the free food Baronet would follow.

The occasion was the Dolphin Society's annual Colston Day Dinner—a festival in memory of Bristol's long-dead philanthropist. Mr. Balfour, who had been staying with the Duke of Beaufort, at Badminton, arrived at Bristol at one o'clock, and was met by a large number of Conservative notables, including Sir Charles Cave, whose guest he is during his stay in the western city. Mr. Balfour acknowledged in a short speech a cordial address presented by the local Unionist party, and then started for his host's residence at Clifton Park.

There were immense crowds of cheering spectators, and the journey was a triumphal progress through decorated streets. The open carriage in which Mr. Balfour rode, followed by crowds of motor-cars and horse vehicles, was drawn by admirers who had removed the horses. At the banquet Mr. Walter Long, President of the Local Government Board, took the chair, and the guests included the Dukes of Somerset and Beaufort, the Marquis of Bath, and Earl Bathurst. Small Union Jacks were waved as Mr. Balfour rose to speak.

POINTS OF THE SPEECHES.

Following are a few of Mr. Balfour's chief points:—

He would have been glad if the Fiscal problem could have been maintained an open question; but that was impossible.

A change was needed to enable them to deal with a situation not in existence when the present free trade system was framed.

They said we should offend the Great Powers if we adopted any charge, but did this nation exist on sufferance?

It seemed nothing short of national lunacy not to prepare for dangers that were fore-shadowed.

The blood of the most sluggish Englishman must stir at the threat of the foreigner to penalise colonies that gave us preferential treatment.

Two or three years might elapse between now and a general election, so that Lord Rosebery's complaint of being "rushed" over this question was groundless.

If the choice were to be between standing on the old lines or a genuine change in Fiscal policy he preferred the latter.

SIR M. HICKS-BEACH.

Some of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's points were:—

Free-trader as he was and has been he was prepared to follow the policy laid down by Mr. Balfour at Sheffield, and also in his speech that night.

He was opposed to illegitimate dearness through the operation of tariffs and trusts.

He was in favour of securing and maintaining natural cheapness, and did not believe illegitimate cheapness a proper result.

He thought the Government should be armed with weapons against the protectionist countries.

COUNTESS ROBERTS AND THE LINIMENT.

Countess Roberts, according to a statement in a medical journal, has given a testimonial to a certain liniment that "cures rheumatism in five minutes." The Countess, it is said, wrote to the proprietors of the mixture to say that "she finds it most excellent, and that she encloses 2s. 9d."

The "Lancet" which refers to the matter as quackery in high places, remarks that as the Army would follow Lord Roberts anywhere it is not unlikely that the wives of the Army may follow his wife. In this way the proprietors would obtain the soldiers' ill-spared 2s. 9d. for the same thing as a medical man, or a druggist on a medical man's prescription, could have supplied at much less cost.

LORD ROSEBERY'S LONDON MEETING.

Three classes of reserved seats have been arranged for the great Liberal meeting which Lord Rosebery has promised to address in London, at the Surrey Theatre, on the 25th. The prices are half a guinea, five shillings, and half-a-crown. The greater part of the theatre, however, will be open to holders of ordinary tickets. The house seats 3,500 persons.

THE CAB CRISIS.

No decision has yet been arrived at with regard to the threatened strike of London cabmen.

The meeting of the executive committee of the Drivers' Union held last night proved abortive.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE THROAT OPERATION.

An authentic account of the Emperor's operation, and presumably emanating from Dr. Schmidt, is published in the "Frankfurter Zeitung." This account says:—

The polypus lay flat on the edge of the left vocal cord, thus making the operation more than usually complicated. Dr. Schmidt, having severed the growth, removed it with forceps at the first attempt. The Emperor remained quiet. The whole of the left cord previously to the operation had been inflamed, and the hemorrhage was somewhat profuse. The complete healing of the wound is expected to take a considerable time. The inflammation is sympathetic only, and is not a sign of a more serious ailment.

Dr. Schmidt dresses the wound daily with powder. The Emperor may not eat or drink anything of an acid nature.

"FATHER OF NEW YORK" SHOT.

CITY SHOCKED BY A NEGRO'S CRIME AND FLAGS FLOWN AT HALF-MAST.

A prominent citizen of New York, Mr. Andrew H. Green, affectionately known throughout the United States as the "Father of Greater New York," was shot at and killed yesterday by his discharged negro valet. Mr. Green received four bullets in the head and fell dead on the front steps of his home. The negro, who was quickly seized, talked irrationally, and declared that Mr. Green had refused to allow him to marry one of the other servants. The murdered man's niece witnessed the dreadful occurrence and fainted over his prostrate body.

The assassination of our correspondent states, has shocked the city. The mayor of New York ordered the flags of the municipal buildings to be flown at half-mast, as a mark of respect.

The name, "Father of the City," was given to Mr. Green because he originated in 1867 the plan which was carried out in 1897 for the formation of Greater New York by the inclusion of five boroughs. He took a prominent part in the operations of a number of philanthropic institutions.

£10,000 ROBBERY.

TRANSVAAL TRAIN LOOTED OF SPECIE ON ITS WAY TO PRETORIA.

A robbery that sounds like a story from the books we liked to read in the days of our youth has been perpetrated on the railway between Pietersburg and Nylstroom, in the Transvaal.

A train, says Reuter, in a message dated yesterday, while ascending an incline was boarded by two men who entered the van, overpowered the escort, and made good their escape with specie worth £10,000 which had been consigned to the Standard Bank of Pretoria.

THE LAST OF THE SERVIAN GIPSIES.

The last act on the part of two of the Servian gypsies, who, with their bears and monkeys, were due to leave Dover at midnight yesterday, was to sell a one-eyed horse for £2. The gypsies' last day in England was a fortunate one, for they were treated generously by the people of Dover, who gathered round them to watch the bears perform, and who showered pennies on the people and eatables on the animals. Their informal farewell was held under the windows of the Lord Warden Hotel.

THE FAR EAST DANGER.

It is reported, says Reuter's Tientsin correspondent, that a Russian force marching towards Shan-hai-kwan encountered a body of Chinese Imperial troops. Fighting ensued, the Russians pretending that the Imperial soldiers were robbers.

Altogether over ten thousand Imperial troops have crossed into Manchuria.

This news, if true, is important from the fact that it might precipitate a crisis in the Far East.

£1,000 EAR SELECTED.

The American physician who advertised that he was prepared to give £1,000 for a right ear to be grafted on a mining millionaire, who found the loss of his ear a bar to matrimony, has found a suitable candidate. The man selected is a German, who failed in the restaurant business a year ago, and intends to use the money to start business again. The operation will take place on Tuesday.

APPENDICITIS AND MEAT DIET.

In England and the United States, where a great deal of meat is eaten, appendicitis is four times more common than in Paris. This is the latest dictum set forth in the "Lancet," which furthermore adduces Brittany as a country where very little meat is eaten and appendicitis is very rare.

SIR J. B. MAPLE.

The condition of Sir J. Blundell Maple is not quite so satisfactory. A telegram from St. Albans states that on Thursday the patient passed a fair night, but that his condition during yesterday was weaker.

KING OF ITALY'S VISIT.

THE CITY'S MAGNIFICENT PREPARATIONS.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST ANARCHISTS.

Elaborate precautions are being taken to secure the safety of the King and Queen of Italy during their English visit next week. Our Rome correspondent states that four inspectors and six agents of the Italian police are already in London conferring with Scotland Yard as to the identification and capture of Anarchists and taking precautionary measures. With the Sovereigns travel Inspector-General the Chevalier Sassi, specially attached to the King's person, one vice-inspector, two brigadiers, and twelve select guards and secret spies. The police estafette precedes the royal train on its journey through France and England.

According to Reuter, the recent Ministerial crisis is responsible for the fact that the King will not be attended by an Italian squadron. The Cabinet had decided that he should be so accompanied, but no definite action was taken and time will not now permit.

PREPARATIONS FOR WELCOME.

Early on Tuesday morning, escorted by the Home Fleet of eight war vessels, under the command of Vice-Admiral Wilson, the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, bearing the King and Queen of Italy, will cross to Portsmouth, there to be received by the Prince of Wales. There will be royal salutes and guards of honour.

Thence a special train will take the royal guests to the Great Western station at Windsor, whence a procession will be formed to the Castle. It will be the first great procession to pass along the same route to the sovereigns' entrance, since the funeral cortege of Queen Victoria.

Extensive preparations are being made both at the Castle and in the town. King Edward has commanded that the State ceremonies at the Castle shall be of the most brilliant description. Life Guards in full dress will line the Grand Staircases and corridors.

During the week the beautiful statue of the Saviour, which Queen Alexandra had placed at the entrance to Frogmore Mausoleum, will be unveiled, and the King and Queen of Italy will visit the Mausoleum and lay a wreath on the tomb of Queen Victoria.

The 1st Life Guards have been practising a musical ride, which will be given before the King and Queen of Italy if there is any available time during their stay at the Castle.

FOUR THOUSAND ORCHIDS.

A magnificent floral display will contribute to the general brilliance of the scene in the Guildhall, where the King and Queen of Italy accept the civic hospitality on Thursday next.

Orchids only will be used to decorate the royal table. Between three and four thousand of the costly blooms will be arranged in gold stands made specially for the occasion. There will be an attempt to represent the Italian colours of green, white, and red. Orchid-growers throughout the kingdom are at present assisting in a collection of sufficient blooms to furnish the necessary colour. The display of orchids will, it is believed, surpass anything of the kind seen in this country under similar circumstances.

The other twenty-six tables will be embellished with carnations, white lilac, roses, lilies, and chrysanthemums—in all about 9,000 blooms—or a grand total of between 12,000 and 13,000 orchids and less important flowers.

THE CITY DECORATIONS.

The 1st Foot Guards' Brigade, numbering sixty-four officers and 1,800 men, will be on duty during the visit to the City.

The line of route from Holborn Circus to the Old Bailey is to be elaborately decorated. To this end a Committee representing the principal business houses of the district will provide £150 to supplement the efforts of the City Corporation.

Two triumphal arches are to be erected at the ends of Holborn Viaduct, and the Circus will be enriched by masses of flowers. The Italian colours will be freely employed. The Viaduct itself will present an arcade of flags and garlands, the whole forming an impressive entrance to the City.

THE £120 A WEEK COMEDIAN.

Mr. Dan Leno's mantle as the Drury Lane pantomime "star" has been allowed to fall on Mr. Harry Randall, though not without a protest. The protest took the form yesterday of a motion in the Chancery Division for an injunction to prevent Mr. Randall appearing at any theatres but the Camden and the Coronet.

Messrs. Saunders and Curzon, to whom those theatres belong, last January engaged Mr. Randall for the coming season at a salary of £120 a week, but since accepting the offer from Drury Lane Mr. Randall has given notice that he cannot appear in the Saunders and Curzon theatres.

Mr. Justice Buckley failed to see that the contract prevented the actor from playing elsewhere, and refused an injunction. It was intimated, however, that a claim for damages would be made.

GIFT TO GENERAL BADEN-POWELL.

Major-General Baden-Powell was the guest of the Anglo-Saxon Club last night at their dinner at the Trocadero. He was presented with a silver casket and an escutcheon sent from New Zealand by his admirers in that colony.

LATEST FROM PARIS.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS FROM THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT)

Paris, Friday night.

The weather has been gloriously fine again to-day, but colder. The Bois, the Champs Elysées, and the streets were literally thronged. The Riviera must be waiting anxiously for news of inclement weather here, for Paris is filling up with southward-bound people, who remain to bask in the autumn sunshine.

More About the Airship.

I have had a chat about the exploit of the Lebaudy airship with Count de la Vaulx, who is going to London on the 25th for the banquet of the Aero Club at the Carlton Hotel. The Count, though pleased with the success of Lebaudy, who is his cordial friend and courteous rival, declared that he thinks too much is being made of the feat.

"It is a pretty one, but of no practical utility," said Count de la Vaulx. Everything—wind, temperature, and other conditions—was in favour of the airship. Yesterday's trip was quite an easy one, and has proved merely that, given all conditions in his favour, M. Lebaudy's airship can do sixty miles from point to point. But what it cannot do is to remain at any altitude he likes, or rise and fall at will, and this is the real secret of successful navigation of the air."

A Motor Balloon.

"And now," continued the Count, "I will give you the first news of my latest novelty. I have been experimenting with a motor by which, using a balloon with the ballonnet, I shall be able to rise and fall as before, and shall propel my balloon as I wish, tacking against the wind in the same manner as a sailing ship. My motor is of twenty-horse power, and driven with alcohol, and I anticipate immense success with it. I may say I have solved the vexed question of the practical navigation of the air."

Tall Talk from M. Santos-Dumont.

M. Santos-Dumont was at tea at the Ritz this afternoon. He, too, had aerial projects to disclose. "My No. 10 is now ready," he remarked, "and I intend to run a service for the races, carrying passengers from the Ritz to Auteuil and Longchamps, and bringing losers back again."

Some chaff ensued about the fares he would charge, but M. Santos-Dumont was perfectly serious. He declares he will be ready very soon to make his first trip with passengers.

"Death to the Murderess."

Madame Giriat, the companion of the murdered Eugénie Fougère, was taken from Châteaubriant Prison this morning to the Villa des Solms at Aix for that grim legal formality known as the reconstitution of the crime.

At the station a large crowd awaited her arrival, and showed their hostility to the unfortunate woman. Madame Giriat, however, was not shaken by these demonstrations. She walked out of the station to the police van as though pleased at the sensation she was causing. During the reconstitution of the crime she showed the same sangfroid. Once, when the room was too dark, owing to the closed shutters, she actually climbed on to the bed where her friend had been murdered to find the electric light switch. She was taken back to prison in the afternoon. A number of excited people, chiefly women, crowded the passage to the station, shouting "Death to the murderess."

Society.

Sir Francis Evans, M.P., and Lady and Miss Evans have arrived at the Elysée Palace Hotel for a few days. The Marchese and Marchesa di Rudini (née Labouchère) also arrived from Florence, where the wedding took place yesterday, and are staying for some time. Lunching at the Elysée to-day were Captain de Bathe, M. Casimir-Perier, and a number of other well-known people. Dining at the Ritz to-night were Prince and Princess Cantacuzene (née Potter-Palmer) with a party of friends. Tea at the Ritz was a very full function. Among others noticed were the Duchesse de Morny, the Baronne de Gunzbourg, Princess Karageorgievic, Baron Maurice de Rothschild, Prince Alexis Orloff, Madame Pierre Lebaudy, the Duc de Richelieu, and Izet Pasha.

BRIGHTER STOCK EXCHANGE.

RALLY IN SOUTH AFRICAN MINES AND RISE IN SILVER.

It is a pleasing variation of stock market reports nowadays to have to note a change for the better on the Stock Exchange yesterday. It commenced with the rise in Consols and a rally in South African mines. The latter was due to the fact that the day's shareholders at the Goldfields' meeting on the day before. It made the dealers believe that the public buying, and some of the finance houses put a few buying orders in the market, and sent a few more round in the afternoon and so for a time everything looked happy. The movement in Consols was due to less uneasiness in banking circles as to the money situation. A few short stories of the Bank of England about the amounts of gold leaving the Bank of England sent abroad, and Consols fell back again, though the latter were untrue. It is not at all unlikely, however, that a considerable amount of gold will leave the Bank of England to-day, but that was expected, and worry London bankers very much. There was a sharp rise in the price of silver yesterday, and those wealthy firms of metal-brokers in the City who take keen interest in silver, say that it is going to last. It is important for British investors who have a lot of money in silver using countries, such as Mexico, if silver falls in value in such a country, then the value in the silver dollar falls also, and so, when earnings in dollars are turned into gold to be sent over here to pay interest on investments, there is serious shrinkage.

ANTI-VIVISECTIONIST'S LIBEL

LADY STUDENTS GIVE EVIDENCE THERE WAS NO CRUELTY.

BURSTS OF APPLAUSE IN COURT.

Yesterday the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury resumed their hearing of the action brought by Professor Bayliss against the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, who, it will be remembered, coloured a certain operation, performed on a dog in the lecture theatre at London University, at a public meeting held in St. James's Hall, "Is not this enough to make the blood run cold?" asked Mr. Coleridge. "If this is not torture, let Mr. Bayliss and his friends Lord Lister and Sir Victor Horsley tell us, in heaven's name, what torture is?"

Professor Bayliss, at the previous hearing of the case, had denied that the animal suffered pain, and pointed out that, if he had been guilty of operating on an animal not previously rendered unconscious by an anæsthetic, he would have committed a criminal offence and endangered his licence granted by the Home Secretary.

Yesterday's evidence dealt, in the first place, with the "absolute necessity" of the plaintiff's demonstration. Students, he contended, could learn much from books, but no definite impression was made unless obtained from the practical experiment. A dead dog would have been exactly the same thing as a book or diagram. No natural function can be duly shown without its operation being demonstrated on a living body, said the Professor.

The dog, however, had been operated upon previously, and, in law, it was necessary, to destroy every animal immediately after it had been experimented upon. The plaintiff contended that he had *de facto* destroyed this particular animal. It was handed to him in an unconscious condition immediately after Professor Starling's initial experiment; it was kept in a state of unconsciousness throughout the second experiment, and was destroyed the moment that second experiment was over.

No Unnecessary Pain.

Thus he had made one dog do the work of two, without causing the animal a single second's unnecessary pain. He had, in fact, saved the life of one animal.

Miss Clayton, Miss Barker, Miss Lowrie, and a number of other students present at the experiment testified that they had seen no movement in the animal or any indication whatever that it was suffering.

Sir Victor Horsley, the eminent surgeon, said that the experiment was a proper one for the purpose of the demonstration, and was absolutely necessary for the instruction of students. It would be impossible to perform the experiment unless the dog were unconscious.

If you could sacrifice animals for food, he added, amid a burst of applause, why not for education? Such operations no more render the student callous than do the ordinary surgical operations with which he is familiar.

"But they are done in the cause of humanity," protested counsel. "So is this," replied Sir Victor, amid a second burst of applause.

Professor Langley, of Cambridge, gave similar testimony, and the hearing was then adjourned until Tuesday.

LONDON'S CONGESTED STREETS.

MORE VEHICLES IN REGENT-STREET THAN IN PICCADILLY OR THE STRAND.

It is clear that the police authorities, whose management of the London traffic excites the admiration of Continental cities, despair at present of finding any remedy for the terrible congestion of some of our principal thoroughfares.

Sir Alexander Bruce, Senior Assistant Commissioner of Police, spoke to that effect yesterday when giving evidence before the Royal Commission on London Street Traffic.

On May 1, an ordinary day, no fewer than 16,676 vehicles passed along Piccadilly, 17,768 along Regent-street, and the much lower number of 12,581 along the Strand. The chief hindrance was cross traffic. Narrow streets might be widened, he said, they would still probably become full of traffic. Alternate routes might be made, but they would in turn get full. Subways or bridges might be provided for pedestrians, but it was not easy to see how this could be done for vehicles—that was the view of the police it would afford more relief than any other remedy.

INTERESTING WILLS.

The late Mr. John Richdale, a Sheffield brewer and race-horse owner, seems to have largely over-estimated his own resources. By the number of bequests in his will he appears to have expected his estate to realise more than £50,000, but the value entered for probate is only £1,148.

Rev. Lewis Borrett White, Prebendary of St. Paul's, and for nearly forty-five years Rector of St. Mary Aldermanbury, has left over £16,000.

KING CHRISTIAN, BRITISH GENERAL.

The King of Denmark, father of Queen Alexandra, was gazetted last night a general for the British Army, "on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of his Majesty's accession" to the Danish throne. The commission is to date from the 16th, which is Sunday.

TWELVE SOULS IN ONE BODY.

ASTONISHING STORY TOLD OF AN UNCANNY CHILD.

The remarkable case of a young girl who, at different times of her life, exhibited the varying and opposed characteristics of a dozen separate individualities is described in the "Journal of Mental Science" by Dr. Albert Wilson.

When twelve years old this child was attacked with influenza and cerebral meningitis. The multiplicity of characters which she adopted within the next five years began during this illness. Let us enumerate them.

She began by being a maniac, troubled with hallucinations; then she turned a somersault in bed; said "It is coming," and was a baby for several weeks; talking baby talk, and confusing colours and images. In this state she spoke of her normal self as "that person." She always said that she was "very cross with that person for going and leaving her." Now she was noisy and forward, though normally a modest and well-behaved child.

Then she became "Old Nick," and was very horrible. When she returned to a normal state she had no memory of events which had occurred to her in the "Old Nick" stage. Her fourth change, which, happily, was of brief duration, was into a deaf mute. Other changes included a personality which she described as "pretty dear." This was the best of all. "Pretty dear" was highly intelligent, and learnt French. Then she became blind, and could draw, though normally she could not draw at all. In five years she changed twelve times, each separate personality alternating or occurring at irregular intervals.

Dr. Wilson concludes with the suggestion that such a case "opens the very serious question which constantly confronts us; that of responsibility for acts done in such states of abnormal consciousness."

COLLAPSE OF A VIADUCT.

A disastrous accident happened yesterday morning on the new section of railway which the Great Western Company is constructing between Cheltenham and Honeybourne with the object of connecting up the Vale of Evesham fruit-growing district. Three arches of a lofty viaduct which had just been completed near Winchcombe fell, burying about a dozen men, of whom two are known to have been killed.

Ten men were rescued alive from the debris in the course of some hours, some being very seriously hurt. Several men were last night reported missing, and the exact loss of life cannot be ascertained for many hours, as hundreds of tons of brickwork will have to be moved.

The contractors, Messrs. Scott and Middleton, of Westminster, think the stability of the viaduct may have been impaired by the heavy rains. That is the only explanation they can offer at present.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Margaret Evans, mother of Mr. S. T. Evans, K.C., M.P., died yesterday at her residence, Skewen, near Neath, at the age of eighty.

EXCITING RACE FOR THE LIVERPOOL CUP.

There was an exciting finish yesterday for the Liverpool Cup, won by Mr. J. G. Baird Hay's three-year-old filly, Palmy Days. After one false start Mr. W. M. G. Croxeth (15) and Indian Corn (10) settled down from Palmy Days, but after a quarter of a mile the last-named assumed the lead. At the canal turn Pellissier headed Palmy Days, and flattered the hopes of Lord Derby's party, but below the distance Lord Stanley's representative was beaten, and Palmy Days being joined by Whistling Crow and Babel's Button, a desperate finish was witnessed. Mr. Hay's filly winning by a short head, a similar outcome followed the second, third, and fourth. Likely Bird o'clock's last-named bertha, and might be deemed very unlucky. Results of the racing:—

Race.	Winner.	Rider.	Price.
Doune Nrs'ys (10)	Bushy Boy	McIntyre	9 to 2
Croxeth (15)	Indian Corn	Trigg	10 to 1
Palatine (14)	Gridiron	Lyne	4 to 1
Autumn Cup (14)	Palmy Days	Heppehl	6 to 1
Autumn Cup (14)	Liberty	Buchers	5 to 2
Waverley (7)	St. Evremonde	Maher	5 to 1

Places: 1 to 4 Palmy Days, 5 to 1 Whistling Crow, 6 to 4 Babel's Button.

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.) The following appear to have good chances to-day:—Walton Welter—Energetic; Ormerod Plate—Karakul; Valentine Steeplechase—Katoomba; Abbeystead Steeplechase—Frisco II.; November Hurdle—Lucinda; Grosvenor Cup—Selkirk or St. Emilien.

DOLLS MADE BY LADIES.

HAPPY EVENINGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES OF POORER LONDON.

Is there any city in the world in which so great an effort towards the entertainment of poor children is made as there is in London? Here is the Children's Happy Evening Association, of which the Princess of Wales is president, preparing for its winter campaign in the poorer districts of this great city, and doing its work with the co-operation of the greatest ladies in the land. Every day, we learn, brings dolls and toys of all sorts and kinds to the house of Mrs. Bland-Sutton in Brook-street, and at the end of next week the waxen beauties will be on show to all those who are interested in the work at Mrs. Julius Wernher's home, Both House, Piccadilly.

After that the dolls will be sent to the board schools, where the children can play with them and spend many happy evenings, while their brothers, in the "noisy rooms" provided for them, indulge in boxing and tug-of-war.

But the gratifying feature is the interest of ladies all over the country in the work of the association. Miss Hastie and Miss Judge have sent dolls from Moscow, and quite a bevy of beauties are to arrive from Ireland. Lady Jehanghier, who is a Parsee, has sent three Parsee dolls in the costumes of babyhood, girlhood, and wifehood. Others who have sent dolls are Lady Jersey, Lady Longford, Lady Dartney, Lady Margaret Rice, and Lord Leigh. Lady Leigh contributes some outline sketches, which she has had reproduced to the extent of 6,000 copies, and Lord de Ros has carved out a great wooden shoe.

And, large though the help is which has been given to the society, more help is wanted, and the fact that it now amuses and entertains some 16,000 children, and would like to amuse, say, 160,000, is the reason why an appeal is made to the *Daily Mirror* for a kindly word.

PANIC-STRICKEN DISTRICT.

The pretty and well-wooded countryside which lies beyond the scene of Miss Holland's murder, towards the town of Cambridge, is terror-stricken by a new mystery.

Last Saturday evening Mr. S. Hagger, a farmer of Stapleford, was proceeding home on horseback when at about seven o'clock he reached Stump Cross, on the London and Newmarket main road, a lonely spot lying close to the county boundaries, where years ago prize-fights used to be held. Suddenly a man rushed from under the hedge and commanded the farmer to stop. Mr. Hagger galloped off and the man fired two shots after him, one of which went through Mr. Hagger's hat.

On Tuesday night a brewer's traveller, returning to Cambridge from Luton, about eleven o'clock, had at Abingdon Crossing, a little way from Babraham, two shots fired at him.

These two spots are seven miles apart, and ten miles from Stump Cross is the Moor Farm, the scene of Dougal's crime. This fact has helped to produce in the locality a panic-stricken feeling, which gives rise to wild rumours.

The police have very actively swept the area in search of the malefactor. A motor-car has been employed by them in this work, and extra men have been put on night duty, all without result.

THE CRAFT OF CELLINI.

Next week, at the Quest Gallery in New Bond-street, there will be an exhibition of repoussé work executed by living British masters. The objects displayed will be useful as well as ornamental; the repoussé worker of to-day being animated by the same ideals as his brother of the Arts and Crafts Society.

ENGLISH CRICKETERS IN AUSTRALIA.

The second match of the M.C.C. tour in Australia was commenced against Victoria at Melbourne yesterday. Mr. Warner left out Braund, Arnold, and Lilley. The Colonials won the toss, and, batting first, were all disposed of on a good wicket for 162. Rhodes was the most destructive bowler, he taking five wickets for 26 runs.

The M.C.C. lost one wicket (Hayward's) for 32 runs before close of play.

To-Day's Arrangements.

To-day's Weddings.

Captain L. C. Elwes, D.S.O., Durham Light Infantry, and Miss Kathleen Hunter, daughter of Mr. Charles Hunter, J.P., at Gainford Castle, Darlington.

General.

Institute of Journalists: The Speaker attends the annual dinner of the London district, Hotel Cecil.

United Club Dinner at the Randolph Hotel, Oxford.

Stanley Cycling Club: Banquet at the Hotel Metropole.

Glasgow and Lanarkshire Association of London: Cinderella, Holborn Restaurant, 7.

The Gray Friars' Amateur Dramatic Society give a performance of "His Excellency the Governor" at the Great Queen-street Theatre in aid of Princess Christian's Crèche at Windsor, 8.15.

Racing.

Liverpool (Grosvenor Cup).

Musical.

Symphony Concert, Queen's Hall, 3.

Popular Concert, St. James's Hall, 3.

Signor Busoni at the Crystal Palace, 3.30.

Theatres.

"Apollo," "The Girl from Kay's," 2 and 8.

"Criterion," "Billy's Little Love Affair," 3 and 9.

"Daly's," "A Country Girl," 2 and 8.

"Drury Lane," "The Flood Tide," 2 and 8.

"Duke of York's," "Letty," 2 and 8.

"Gaiety," "The Orchid," 2 and 8.

"Garrick," "The Golden Silence," 2.15 and 8.

"Haymarket," "Cousin Kate," 2.30 and 9.

"His Majesty's," "King Richard III.," 2.15 and 8.15.

"Imperial," "Monsieur Beaucaire," 2.30 and 8.30.

"Lyric," "The Duchess of Dantzic," 8.

"New Theatre," "Mrs. Goring's Necklace," 3 and 8.55.

"Princess of Wales's," "The School Girl," 8.

"Queen's (Small) Hall," "The Pollies," 3.15.

"Royal Court," "The Tempest," 2.30 and 8.30.

"Royalty," "Kallwasser," 8.15.

"Shaftesbury," "In Dahomey," 2.15 and 8.15.

"St. James's," "The Cardinal," 2.30 and 8.30.

"Strand," "A Chinese Honeymoon," 2.15 and 8.

"Terry's," "My Lady Molly," 2.30 and 8.15.

"Vaudeville," "Quality Street," 2.30 and 8.30.

"Wyndham's," "Little Mary," 3 and 9.

* Matines are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

SHORT NEWS TELEGRAMS.

LORD BYRON'S TWO DOGS.

The collar of "Boatswain," the dog to whose memory Lord Byron erected a monument at Newstead Abbey, has been sold by auction at Newstead for twenty-one guineas. The collar of "Thunder," another of the poet's dogs, fetched four guineas.

THE DOUBLE DUTY OF PRINCES.

"Each time that a prince comes into the world I say to myself that he will have a double duty to perform—that as a citizen and that as prince."

Thus spoke King Leopold in reply to the congratulations of the Belgian Parliament on the birth of Prince Charles Théodore, the King's grand-nephew.

A SOLDIER'S ROYAL MEMORIES.

Sergeant-Major George Baker, who has just died at New Malden, used to claim that he had the honour of teaching the King his military drill at Curragh Camp, in Ireland. He was presented by the royal pupil with a silver tea service.

Another reminiscence was of Queen Victoria's visit to Wellington Barracks, in 1864. Her Majesty, hearing that Baker's wife had just given birth to a son, spoke a few kind words to the mother, and desired that the baby should be named Albert Victor.

MUNICIPAL MARCH TO CHURCH.

Tiverton is to have its usual municipal church parade to-morrow, but with a difference which is causing much local feeling. For 300 years without a break members of the council have accompanied the mayor to Divine service in St. Peter's Church on the first Sunday after his election. To-morrow the present mayor (Mr. T. Lake) has signified his intention of attending the Congregational Church instead, and has invited his colleagues to accompany him. But the majority, being Churchmen, have decided to march to church as usual.

NEW BANNERS FOR OLD.

In the Chapel of St. George, at Windsor, yesterday, the ceremony, interesting and not without a touch of sadness, was carried out of removing the banners and insignia of Knights of the Garter who have passed away, and the substitution of those of other Knights. Not every memorial of the deceased bearers of the coveted distinction was removed, for the brass plates have been suffered to remain. The names of those whose banners were respectively removed and placed in position are:—

REMOVED.	PLACED IN POSITION.
The King of Saxony.	Duke of Bedford.
Duke of Richmond.	Duke of Marlborough.
Lord Salisbury.	Duke of Wellington.
	Duke of Sutherland.

MENELIK AN ENERGETIC ALLY.

Reuter understands that some 4,000 Abyssinian troops will co-operate with General Egerton's force in the forthcoming operations against the Mullah in Somaliland. The Abyssinian force will comprise troops from the Emperor's own regiments, and Menelik himself has displayed great interest in its equipment. According to recent advices, the Abyssinian army was to march from Harar in the middle of November. Uncertainty exists as to the exact date of the British advance. Reports via Aden continually give fresh dates, while officers' letters from Somaliland do not mention any approximate day.

TURTLES AND REVOLUTION.

In an interval between revolutions, Nicaragua has again been worried indirectly over the price of turtle soup by endeavouring to levy a tax on the Jamaica fishing fleet. The attempt has failed.

The world's best turtles are caught off the coast of Nicaragua, and last April, being in want of funds, the Government tried to tax the crews of the turtling fleet 8s. per head, an extra 2s. being imposed on every turtle caught.

The Nicaraguan commandant of Mosquito Bay recently boarded the vessels of the fleet and demanded the fees, threatening confiscation of the catch if his demands were refused. The commodore was ready for him, and acting on orders from the Government of Jamaica he successfully resisted the attempt.

It is rumoured that the Government will not again court disaster in this direction. The catch of the season is 800 head.

IRELAND WELCOMES "THE DUBLINS."

After nineteen years of service in Egypt, India, and South Africa, the Second Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers were welcomed back and fêted in the Irish capital yesterday afternoon. Their record is remarkable. Only two of the men who left Ireland in 1884 are now included in the battalion, which went through the Boer war from start to finish, and lost two-thirds of its strength on the battlefields.

To this gallant record the Duke of Connaught paid a warm tribute in distributing the war medals, saying it was to mark his appreciation of their services that King Edward had appointed him (the Duke) Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment.

At the dinner which the citizens afterwards gave to the battalion, the Duke and Duchess, with the Princesses Margaret and Patricia, made a tour of the tables. There were scenes of extraordinary enthusiasm during the battalion's march through the streets.



The Marketing by Post Question.

A Method that May Prove Highly Satisfactory.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

MARKETING or shopping by post has the disadvantage to the feminine mind that one does not see and chose the thing bought, which is of the very essence of delight in such matters.

On the other hand, there is a delight of deliberation when one studies the columns of a newspaper, such as one as the "Bazaar," for example, and ponders and selects and sets aside. Even the most partial of shopmen would not endure such deliberation.

Indeed, in buying at a shop one has always by contrast, to buy hurriedly and without consideration! Moreover, marketing by post has its advantages for those of us who buy rashly and extravagantly when the wares come under our eyes.

Delightful Uncertainty.

Then, of course, there is a certain gambling delight in seeing what you will get. In my own experience—and being too busy a woman to get marketing, most of my purchases are done by post—the result is nearly always satisfactory.

Every woman, even if she can pay a hundred and fifty pounds for a sable stole, will appreciate the delight of buying a bushel of winter apples exactly one shilling and sixpence under what she would pay at Whiteleys or the Stores. Perhaps, too, the apples smell fragrantly of the country, as they would not from a great London shop. And no London shop will supply you the brown heather honey which you get straight from the mountains of Ireland or Wales, which has the double fragrance of heather and honey, to say nothing of being sold at 7d. a section.

Chickens from Ireland.

Then there are a few things to be obtained in marketing by post which even London, though it contains the treasures of all the earth, cannot supply. I have never yet been able to buy a real chicken in London. Fat, artificially-fled, coop-reared fowl are to be had in plenty. The breast and wings are barely eatable, and taste of sawdust. The drum-sticks have to be sacrificed.

Meantime Ireland supplies chickens which no self-respecting English housewife would look at, immature, scrawny, delicious morsels which are a feast for the gods or the true epicure. These creatures have never known the coop.

They are as wild for all their little day as a pheasant in November, albeit extraordinarily bold in picking up their slender subsistence on the cottage floor.

Feasts for the Gourmet.

Talk of truffles, talk of oysters, talk of green turtle fat! Give me a wild little Irish chicken, boiled with parsley sauce, and a bit of boiled bacon and cabbage, cooked as few Englishwomen can cook it, with a good handful of soda and a slice of bacon fat, and I will not exchange it for the menus of the Mansion House. To roast these chickens is an iniquity, by the way.

Doubtless the Irish chickens, judging by the advertisement columns of London newspapers, have a certain market in England. And doubtless the English housewife has often been turned from these delights by the hopelessly unbusinesslike ways of the vendors. I myself bought chickens for years from co. Tipperary at 2s. 10d. the pair, carriage paid. But, oh! the prolonged agony of waiting for these chickens, the times innumerable I have had to provide a scrambled meal at the last moment, consequent on their non-appearance!

A Distressed Irish Lady.

Once I tried to make a change to a person of more business-like habits, and answered another advertisement. The advertiser did not reply for some considerable time, and then explained her not doing so by the fact that she had had a brother-in-law shot in South Africa.

As I had by this time made other arrangements I did not write for about a year. When I did write at last I expressed sympathy for the trouble that had prevented our business relations a year earlier. I received a perfectly impassioned reply, which called down blessings for my sympathy upon all of my blood.

The lady then proceeded to say that she could supply me with eggs, butter, chickens, honey, etc., but omitted to mention the price. I wrote giving an order, which was to be a standing one, and asking for prices, so that the money might be sent. I never heard a word from that lady afterwards.

Turkeys at 4s. and 6s. each.

Should these things be deterrents and not rather provocations—for they have their delightful aspects, too—let the housewife not be discouraged. Let her, above all, not lose those wonderful little chickens.

After many years I have found someone to supply me from the co. Galway, who is as business-like as the most thorough-going of Saxons. To be sure she has a Scotch name; but she is Irish enough not to coop or fatten her chickens. Chickens at 4s. 6d. for three;

turkeys, which my cook pronounces perfect pictures, at 4s. and 6s.; ducklings at 4s. 6d. a pair, come to my table.

Oysters without Typhoid.

Another Irish delicacy is the huge Dublin Bay prawn, which is in effect a small lobster. You can procure these at a shilling a dozen from any Dublin fishmonger, with a small extra cost for postage—about twopence a dozen.

Then there are the small South-west of Ireland oysters, which are sent to you, fifty for 4s., twenty-five for 2s. 6d., delicious delicate oysters that have never been within miles of sewage.

Grimsby Fish.

Lest I should be accused of holding a brief for Irish products I must mention the Grimsby fish, fresh and excellent, 9lbs. for 2s. 6d., carriage paid, or by parcel post 4d. extra. Of these the cheaper parcels are most to be commended.

You get usually whiting, codlings, dabs, and occasionally hake. But once my grateful providers sent me a whole little turbot in my half-crown parcel. These are windfalls that sometimes come to the regular customers; so beware of wandering from one firm to another.

Home-made Jams and Jellies.

Home-made jams and jellies, home-cured bacon and hams, home-made cakes and cordials and liqueurs, are other delights that come through marketing by post. And after all there is a fragrance about the home-made that no big shops can supply, despite their labels.

I believe in all my marketing by post I never had occasion to complain but once. The occasion was a box of bloaters, salt as Lot's wife. Soaking, boiling, nothing availed to make them eatable. I could not ask any fellow-creature to partake of them; and neither the dogs nor the cats would look at them; so they were so much dead loss.

THE PAPERS.

CLEVER ACTING V. CLEVER WRITING.

Many more people care for clever acting than for clever plays. It is regrettable that this should be so, but it is.—"Men and Women."

GOLF WIDOWS AND WIDOWERS.

For one woman that cries in print because of her husband's absence on the links, there may quite likely be a dozen that would be ready to sing a song of thanksgiving if only golf, or some other agency, would remove their husbands from them for so many hours in the day—only that they do not care to publish that song.—Horace Hutchinson in "Country Life."

HE RULES SOCIETY.

The proficient Bridge player is the hero of the hour. He is in constant demand. He threatens to rival even the important individual who has ruled society by means of leading the cotillon. The attractions of the game are mainly its quick returns; the opportunity of making a big score even in an hour's play.—"Rita," in "The Gentlewoman."

AS AMERICANS SEE THEM.

While the Premier leans back in his seat on the Unionist side, Chamberlain is erect, with arms folded, head thrown forward—a swift armoured cruiser always cleared for action, whose eyeglass may be as puzzling as a searchlight. In a crowd, Chamberlain will either become its leader or be trampled to death; while Balfour might send it home by a pleasant speech from a balcony.—"Collier's Weekly."

AN EVIL HABIT.

In children the habit of writing diaries should be sternly discouraged, lest the practice should become inveterate. Only the other day, calling on an acquaintance, who is the proud possessor of "clever" children, I found a young gentleman in the act of taking leave of his hostess. No sooner was the two children busy with note-books in a corner. Asked what they were doing, the little dears replied that they were "recording their impressions of the last visitor." I never called again.—"Lady's Pictorial."

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

London and Windsor are being constantly written of just now, and Italian orthography in such descriptions is causing many an amused smile to flicker over the mouths of the British readers of Italian journals. We learn, for instance, that the King of Italy will touch at "Porthsmouth," will visit the "Hox Guands," and will be entertained at the "Guillhall," the "Guilldall," and the "Guillpall"! In one paper the name was written, I am told, the "Gull-Hall"! Mr. Chamberlain is styled invariably as "Sir Joe," and so on ad infinitum.—Rome correspondent of the "Sketch."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MEN AND WOMEN WHO WRITE.

THE book of the moment, although it is not to be published or even reviewed till Monday, is, of course, Lord Wolseley's book, "The Story of a Soldier's Life," which is being published by Messrs. Constable, in whose firm, by the way, has now been for some time the gifted son of a famous father, Mr. George Meredith. It is an open secret that the ex-Commander-in-Chief has not chosen to deal with the whole of his career; but he covers that portion of it dealing with the Indian Mutiny, and soldiers and civilians, as well as the innumerable women who have links with India, will read with intense interest all that he has to say concerning those stirring days.

A Sussex Retreat.

Lord Wolseley "fights his battles over again" in perhaps the most delightful rural retreat which has ever been the home of a great soldier. The Farm House at Glynde is near Lewes, and since it became the country home of its present inhabitants it has been made, both inside and out, a dream of well-ordered beauty. That this is so is greatly owing to Miss Frances Wolseley, one of the keenest of amateur gardeners, who herself laid out the beautiful garden as it now is, a characteristic touch being the fact that all the pegging out of the designs of the flower beds was done with War Office red tape! The old house itself is very quaint and picturesque, the low, beautifully proportioned rooms being filled with mementoes of Lord Wolseley's long life and many adventures. It was at Glynde that he wrote almost the whole of his new book, although he and Lady Wolseley have a charming suite of rooms in Hampton Court Palace.

The Life of a Book.

The modern publisher, and, even more, the modern author, is apt to complain that the life of a book is nowadays terribly short. Praise to-day and gone to-morrow may be said of many a modern novel. But, of course, there are brilliant exceptions to this rule, and now the happy writer of English conquers with one stroke of the pen at least two con-

tinents, where in other ages he conquered but one. To give an example, Mrs. Humphry Ward's last novel is still, so I was assured the other day by an American friend, "selling by the ton" in the United States. That most charming and tender little story, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," is still daily increasing its circles of friends in this country, and "Pigs in Clover" was announced this week as being in its fifteenth thousand.

A Dual Personality.

"Frank Danby," the author of "Pigs in Clover," has two pen names and two distinct personalities. To the connoisseur, art collector, and dilettante she is known as the leading authority on eighteenth century colour-prints, and she has published with Messrs. Macmillan sumptuous volumes concerning this delightful manifestation of eighteenth century art. These books, as well as her many contributions to periodical literature on the same subject, are always signed by her "Julia Frankau." She began writing fiction as "Frank Danby" many years ago, but popular success only came recently with that somewhat ruthlessly studied of manners and morals, the brilliantly-named "Pigs in Clover." Mrs. Frankau's success has not affected her dual personality; she is about to bring out "The Lives and Works of James and William Ward," and she is also at work on a new story, though she is in no great hurry to provide a successor to "Pigs in Clover."

A Royal Record.

Among the books of the moment should certainly be mentioned Mr. Charles Hardinge's record of the King's journey to the various European capitals. The writer was specially attached to his Majesty's suite for this purpose. He is a well-known and popular diplomatist, and his wife, one of Lord Alington's daughters, has been known to their Majesties from childhood, having been one of the playmates of the young Princesses. The book is beautifully illustrated with photographs and with reproductions of the Chevalier de Martino's drawings.

THE LIST FOR THE LIBRARY.

HER OWN PEOPLE (a society novel). By B. M. Croker. Hurst and Blackett.
THE INTRIGUERS' WAY (a Jacobite story). By J. Blount-delle Burton. The Religious Tract Society.
THE JEWEL OF SEVEN SVARS (a "creepy" story). By Bram Stoker. Heinemann.
J. GUINNESS ROGERS (an Autobiography). James Clarke and Co.



Theatres and Players.



AT the Apollo Theatre there is a new Ellen—the part originated and played until a few weeks ago by Miss Letty Lind—in the person of Miss Carrie Moore, a young, pretty, and piquant actress who has come all the way from Australia in answer to the offer of an engagement made to her by Mr. George Edwards.

This is Miss Moore's first visit to Europe, and she came to London because her manager in Australia, Mr. Williamson, recommended Mr. Edwards to take her. Mr. Williamson knows the qualities that go to make a success in the acting and singing of a musical comedy, for he and Mr. Musgrove were the managers that had "The Belle of New York" at the Shaftesbury, and in Australia he has enormous theatrical interests. So much, therefore, does his opinion speak for Miss Moore's merits.

"It's Only an Earthquake!"

In Australia Miss Moore mostly played soubrette parts in musical plays from the Gaiety and Daly's, and here she should soon win popularity, for she dances delightfully, sings charmingly, and always appears as if the performance gave her the greatest pleasure. She tells a rather amusing story about a very unwelcome experience when playing at the Theatre Royal, Adelaide, one night fifteen months ago. The curtain was up, and the audience was enjoying the fun of "Robin Hood," when suddenly the whole building commenced to rock. The scenery swayed violently, properties were tumbling about, and in terror everyone rose to make for the exits.

The players, too, rushed from the stage, but when Miss Moore got to the top of the stairs leading into the street she screamed out—none the less frightened because she thought she was the only one who had guessed the cause of the trouble—"Come back, come back; it's only an earthquake!" For many months after that she had only to express surprise about anything, however trivial, to hear the pat remark, "Oh, it's only an earthquake!"

What a Copyright Performance means.

A new one-act play, by Mrs. Hope Merrick, entitled "Mattie; a Kitchen Courtship," was given a copyright performance at His Majesty's Theatre this week. To copyright a play an author must have it performed in a properly licensed theatre. The doors must be open, and the public prepared to pay—it is always absent on those formal occasions—must be permitted to do so. The box-office is open, someone connected with the author

formally pays for admission, bills announcing the title are put in front of the entrances, and the farce proceeds.

Needless to say, no strangers are likely to come in, for custom has arranged the entrance charge at one guinea per head, and if someone should be inquisitive enough to invest such a sum to learn all about the plot he would certainly find himself disappointed, as it is read in mumbling tones from the script without any attempt at acting. Office clerks, or friends of the author, are often pressed into service for those events, the Reader of Plays gets his fee, and the play is copyrighted. Where a play is going to be produced soon after it leaves the author's hand no such performance as the copyright farce is resorted to. Why such a form should be necessary no one can tell.

The Heroine Marries the Villain.

In "The Flood Tide" at Drury Lane the Earl of Sutton seeks at every point to thwart Captain Jack Champion, V.C., because both of them love Mabel Corry. He sneers at him, assaults him, insults him, but he never wins Mabel Corry. That is how it runs in the story. In real life love may run more smoothly than it does in the creations of the dramatists. The actor and the actress are simple citizens when off the stage, and so it happens that in real life, and yet on the stage, too, and at Drury Lane, Mr. John Treshar, who is the Earl of Sutton in Cecil Raleigh's melo-farce, has won Miss Daisy Thimm, who plays the heroine, Mabel Corry. The wedding day has been fixed for December 16, before which day "The Flood Tide" will have passed away to make room for pantomime rehearsals; and the engagement made by each of them with Mr. Collins for the autumn ends in a mutual one made for a lady journalist.

Miss Dorothea Baird's Recovery.

Since she was taken suddenly ill one day at Wyndham's, during the rehearsal of Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Little Mary," in which piece she was to have played the part of Eleanor Grey, Miss Dorothea Baird has been slowly, but ever surely, getting strong again. It has been a cure by rest more than anything else for her, and with time she will be as well as ever. When the days are fine she goes out to take the air. Seated in a bath-chair, she enjoys the change after the long weeks in the house, and so she goes round about the many squares in Bloomsbury, within an easy distance of Upper Woodbury place. Miss Baird has only two causes for regret: one is that she cannot appear in Mr. Barrie's play at Wyndham's, the other is that she cannot see her husband (Mr. H. B. Irving) in Mr. Pinero's comedy at the Duke of York's.

YESTERDAY IN TOWN.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES
AND AMATEUR THEATRICALS.45 and 46, New Bond-street.
Friday Evening.

To-day has not been inspiring, and our hopes for a fine week-end are sinking rapidly. Not one gleam of sun has brightened a muggy, dull day, and the mud in the streets made walking uncomfortable, and driving in some places a positive danger.

It was for this reason, no doubt, that many people came out in their electric broughams, shod with wonderful and complicated-looking non-skidding contrivances. Lady Constance Gore, wearing furs and a pale fawn and mauve toque, was in one, and Lady Beatrice Tylor and Captain Stanley, her fiancé, were driving down St. James's-street in another; while in the Park was Mrs. George Cornwallis West, in a closed one; and surely the pretty petunia velvet hat with flowers was worn by Lady Marjorie Manners, but the car flashed by so quickly it was impossible to be certain.

Other Familiar Faces.

The American Ambassador and Mrs. Choate are just settling into their new residence in Carlton-gardens, and the latter was busily shopping to-day. Lady Garvag was another well-dressed woman, and Lady Hood, looking so picturesque, was in Piccadilly. Lady Beatrice Moore, Lord Drogheda's daughter—a real Irish beauty, with lovely eyes—was walking; Lady Belhaven was in Sloane-street, and Lady Hayter in Grosvenor-square.

Some Pretty People.

There was quite a galaxy of beauty lunching to-day at Willis's, and oddly enough nearly every woman was wearing blue. Lady Camden, dressed in powder-blue with a grey seabird in a pale blue hat, was at a table in one corner with her husband; and near them was a charming Frenchwoman, the Comtesse de Felena, as smart as possible in blue with a turquoise blue hat, and she, too, was with her husband. Another very charming person was Lady Chelsea, who had a deep mauve hat with her dark-blue costume, and the Duke of Alba with Baron de Forest, Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, and Mr. Harry Stonor were also to be seen at the same place.

Theatricals.

Seldom has there been a smarter house for a theatrical performance by amateurs than that at the Great Queen-street Theatre to-night. Every seat was taken, and most of them occupied even before the curtain rose. Lady Chesmore was there, as well as Lady Darcy de Knayth, and Mrs. Neumann; while among many men were Mr. Lionel de Rothschild, Mr. George Montagu, Mr. Victor Corkran, and Mr. Edward Cadogan.

This Saturday evening the Prince and Princess of Wales have taken tickets and hope to be present, and it being the last performance the whole company will adjourn to Prince's Restaurant and finish up with a supper party and dance.

Back Again.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife and the Ladies Duff are returning to town from Mar Lodge on Monday.

The Duke of Richmond is in town, and staying at Claridge's Hotel, as he is trying to get rid of his house in Belgrave-square.

Monsieur Métaux returned to town to-day from Paris.

Lady Warwick and Lady Marjorie Greville have returned from Paris, and are spending a few days in town.

Told About Town.

That the first skating carnival this winter is to be held at Hengler's on the 15th of December.

That Lord Lonsdale and Lord Forester are the heads of affairs at the Old Cocoa Tree Club in St. James's-street, which is just restarting under new management.

That Miss Pearson's bridesmaids are eight in number; the three children are Miss Nadja Green, Miss Emmott Barlow, and Miss Gertrude Kinnell; while the grown-ups are Lady Violet Poulett, Miss Gladys Benson, Miss Phoebe Bonson, Miss Geraldine Wilberforce, and Miss Beryl Spencer-Churchill.

SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

There will be two Royal stall-holders next week at the Sale of the Irish Industries at Windsor, as Princess Christian has promised to sell at the Association Stall and Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, will sell at the stall of the Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund.

Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll has consented to open a sale of work on Friday, December 11, at the St. James's Schools, Tabernacle-terrace, Addison-road North, on behalf of the St. James's Mission House.

Cora Lady Stafford is expected in town to-day from Paris, where she has been, like several other prospective brides, buying her trousseau. Her marriage, at which only a few intimate friends will be present, will take place at an early date, and she will be "attended" by her tall young daughter, Miss Colgate. After her marriage Lady Stafford wishes to be known as Mrs. Kenard.

Sir Alan Reeve Manby has long been very popular in the neighbourhood of Sandringham, and for the past few years his has been the responsible task of watching over the

health, fortunately robust, of Prince Edward of Wales, his brothers, and sister. He was chosen to be a member of the comparatively small suite which accompanied their Royal Highnesses round the world two years ago.

There are many little girls still in the nursery and schoolroom who give promise of future beauty. Lady Dickson-Poynder's "Joan" has a sweet and interesting face, very like her mother's; the children of Lady Wolverton all promise to be handsome; whilst Countess Torby's eldest girl and Mrs. George Keppel's are positive beauties already. Lady Diana Manners, the youngest of Lady Granby's three girls, is tall, fair, and handsome, and reminds those who knew him of her grandfather, the late Colonel Charles Lindsay.

Her little cousin, Nancy, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Lindsay (who as Miss Nora Bourke was the loveliest débutante of her year), is a perfect picture, with the largest eyes, the longest eyelashes, and softest hair ever seen. Among tiny children, Lady Ursula Grosvenor, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, holds her own very bravely, and as for another member of the family, the baby son of Lady Beatrice and General Pole-Carew, he is a child, for strength and sturdiness, among a thousand.

Winifred Lady Arran will spend the greater part of this winter at Queen Anne's Mead, near Queen Anne's Gate, Windsor Great Park. There she is in very congenial society, for she is near Princess Christian, to whom she was once Lady-in-Waiting. Not far from her, too, are Lord and Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill, Lady St. Leonards, Lord and Lady Dunboyne (at Ouseley Lodge, Old Windsor), Lord and Lady Escher (at Orchard Lea, Windsor Forest), Lord Bridport and his daughter (at Royal Lodge), Mr. and Lady Emily Van de Weyer (at New Lodge, Windsor Forest), and Sir William and Lady Carington, at Burfield, Old Windsor (which was taken by Lord and Lady Ludlow last summer).

Sir A. Conan Doyle, who has consented to stand as the Unionist candidate for the Border Burghs, contested the Central Division of Edinburgh at the last general election. His interest in the Edinburgh University was shown in a very practical way, by presenting it with a thousand pounds to establish a Scholarship for South African students.

He was one of the Coronation knights, and for his services in the hospitals in South Africa received the order of St. John of Jerusalem. Originally intended for the medical profession his experiences of that period of his career furnished the material upon which was founded his success as an author, and the prototype of "Sherlock Holmes" was easily recognisable.

LIVERPOOL CUP DAY.

Cup Day at Liverpool yesterday brought together a very good attendance, and the course at Aintree was crowded.

All the houses in the neighbourhood where parties are being entertained were represented, including Lord and Lady Derby's party from Knowsley, and Sir John Thursby's guests from Ormerod House.

Lady Howe, Lady Lurgan, and Lady Cadogan were neat tailor-made dresses; Lady Essex looked very smart, and so did Lady Wolverton. Lady Sefton was there with Lord Sefton, and amongst others, Mrs. Rochford Maguire, Lady Edith Villiers, Mrs. Leopold Rothschild, and Mrs. George Thursby.

Among the men were Lord Derby, Lord Charles Montagu, Colonel Hall Walker, Lord Lurgan, Lord Marcus Beresford, Mr. W. Walsh, Mr. Ferdinand Stanley, Mr. Henry Milner, Lord Essex, Lord Cadogan, and Lord Wolverton.

DISTINGUISHED INVALIDS.

Mr. Ritchie: Slight improvement.

Lord Lansdowne: Slightly better, and will leave his room for a while.

Sir Francis Jeune is expected to resume his seat in court at an early date.

Lord Cottenham is suffering from typhoid fever, but is progressing as favourably as can be expected.

Sir Trevor Plowden, who had his arm amputated early in the week, is progressing satisfactorily.

Sir Seymour King, M.P., is suffering from an acute attack of rheumatism which confines him to the house.

Prince Solykoff: Rallied decidedly yesterday. The bronchitis is less acute, and there is some increase in strength. The heart symptoms have improved.

FASHIONABLE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Lady and Miss Willoughby have arrived at 46, Grosvenor-gardens.

Miss Hanbury Tracy has left Eccleston-square for the Riviera for the winter.

The honorary secretaries of King Edward's Hospital Fund for London have received at the Bank of England the sum of \$4,637 13s. 1d., being a quarter's dividend arising from the securities generously given to the fund in equal amounts by Lord Mount-Stephen and Lord Strathcona.

All announcements duly authenticated for insertion in this column to be addressed to the Social Editor, "The Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

WHERE THE SUN SHINES.

OPENING OF THE SAN REMO
SPORTS CLUB.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.)

San Remo, Friday.

The most important social function that has occurred this season was the formal opening of this week of "The San Remo Sports Club," which has been established for the benefit of the residents and visitors of San Remo, on the beautiful property known as the Villa Luigia Ponente. There are two lawn tennis courts, and a croquet ground, while a hockey ground is in course of construction, and a large garden remains.

In the absence of Sir William Walrond, the President, the Vice-President, Colonel M. D. Treherne, welcomed the members and their friends, and in a very amusing speech, gave an account of the Club and its aims; and towards the conclusion of the speech, said he would ask the Countess Waldstein, who had taken great interest in the Club from its inception, and had worked hard for it, to unfurl the banners and declare the Club open.

The Countess then said a few appropriate words, pulled the cord which let loose the British and Italian flags, and declared the Club open. The band immediately struck up the Italian National March, which was promptly followed by God Save the King, amidst great applause.

Amongst others present were the Princess Salm-Dyck, the Duke and Duchess Gandolfi, Sir Bruce Burnside, and M. Rubino, the Russian Consul.

Cannes, Friday.

Lady Alfred and Miss Paget have just arrived and are installed at the Villa Garibondy; Prince and Princess Demidoff have also arrived, and are looking out for a villa to suit them, living in the meantime at the Hotel Goutet de la Reine, and the Grand Duke and Duchess George of Russia paid a flying visit here this week.

Mrs. Edward King has returned to her charming house, "The Wilderness."

Everywhere on the shores of the Riviera the loveliest weather is the rule. Indeed it is almost too hot to go out in the middle of the day.

At Grasse it is confidently hoped that the Duke of Argyll and the Princess Louise will spend at least a portion of the winter season. The Princess, always a sufferer from rheumatism, found the light, dry air suited her so well when last there, and the Duke has also been advised a change of climate.

Monsieur Camille Blanc is one of the latest arrivals at Nice, and has brought with him from Paris his beautiful horses, which are running in races.

OUR BIRTHDAY LIST.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

"There's gladness in remembrance."

Many happy returns to:—

The Dowager Duchess of	Lord Cathcart.
Roxburghe.	Lord Grey de Ruthyn.
Lady Esherham.	Lord Brackley.
Lady Southampton.	

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

The Grand Duchess Olga	Lord Deerhurst.
of Russia.	Mr. Harold FitzClarence.
Lady Edward Peel.	

The Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe is an aunt of the Duke of Marlborough, and was for a time Lady of the Bedchamber to the late Queen Victoria.

She is at present staying in America, whither she went to attend her son's wedding, and is returning to England in about three weeks' time.

The Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, whose eighth birthday will be on Sunday, is the eldest child of the Tsar and Tsarina, and a grand-niece of King Edward.

WEATHER AT THE WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following reports from our special correspondents:—

Biarritz.—Fair; maximum, 61; minimum, 40.

Cannes.—Nine hours' sunshine; temperature 66.

Calro.—Maximum, 71; minimum, 57; rather cloudy.

Monte Carlo.—Perfect weather; temperature at noon, 64.

Naples.—Calm; maximum, 61; minimum, 41; nine hours' sunshine.

Nice.—Clear; cool north-east breeze; maximum 50; minimum 39.

San Remo.—Brilliant sunshine; temperature a ten, 66.

PRINCES' LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

The Princes' Ladies' Club's autumn meeting was brought to a conclusion at Mitcham yesterday. Play in both first and second divisions was against "bogey."

Mrs. Stanley Stubbs won the first division scratch prize with 1 down, while the Sandhurst Challenge Cup and medals for the best handicap return were secured by Mrs. Fowler (10) with 1 down. Next came Mrs. Willock, scratch; Miss M. Roston, scratch; Miss Sparrow, scratch; Mrs. Leachler (9); Mrs. Cameron (5); Miss Halford (9); and Miss Davids (9), each with 4 down.

In the second division Miss Gertrude Mordant won the scratch trophy with 10 down; Miss Ida West (14) won the handicap competition with 8 down; Miss Sargrand (24) being second with 10 down.

Mrs. Verne won the Approaching Competition with a score of 12; and Mrs. Cameron secured second prize with 11.

The Cambridge University Golf Club's annual competition for the Linskill Cup (scratch) and the Pirie Memento (second class handicap) was decided over the Whitwell Hill links in fairly favourable weather and produced some excellent scoring. Mr. W. N. Potter secured the Linskill Cup with 78; Mr. G. Hoffman, 82, being second; and Mr. M. T. Allen, 83, third. The Pirie Memento fell to Mr. W. H. Millburn, with the exceptionally low return of 90 strokes. The same player secured the weekly sweepstakes.

OVER THE BORDER.

Balmoral Notepaper.

The beautiful and artistic notepaper used at Balmoral Castle in the late Queen's time has not been continued, and a plain heading of Balmoral Castle in blue or scarlet succeeds the massive gold embossed heading with handsome cypher, or the exquisite little steel engravings of the Castle, or of herds of deer, which made it indeed a thing of beauty. For the Prince and Princess of Wales the notepaper is still more simple, "Abergeldie" in small coloured letters being all its ornament.

A Hunt Ball.

The Edinburgh season, which promises to be a particularly gay one, really begins on the 16th December with the hunt ball, always very popular. For the last two years Mrs. Forbes, of Callendar, has arranged novel dances, which had a complete success. This year she has excelled herself, and those who are fortunate enough to be invited to her dances are looking forward to something that will add considerably to their winter's programme.

At Gosford House.

Lord and Lady Wemyss have been entertaining at Gosford House. This is the favourite residence of the veteran earl, who may with fairness be described as the most picturesque figure in the Scottish peerage. He carries his eighty-five years as lightly as most men carry the burden of half a century, and his marriage three years ago has proved a thorough success. Lady Wemyss is tall, dark, handsome, and quite brilliantly clever; she is a great favourite with her relatives by marriage.

From North Berwick.

The Master of Ruthven, Mrs. Ruthven, and their four little girls have arrived at North Berwick on a visit to Mrs. Lamson. Mrs. Ruthven's mother, who has taken a villa here for six weeks to escape the London fogs.

An Eligible Bachelor.

Lord Mansfield is one of the most interesting and eligible bachelors in North Britain. At present he shows not the smallest indication of a desire to change his estate. The honours of Scone are done by his mother, Lady Stormont, and his sister, Lady Mabel Murray.

WITH THE HOUNDS.

In the absence of Sir Gilbert Greenall, who has not yet recovered from his indisposition, Lady Greenall was in command of the Belvoir at the meet at Bitchfield yesterday. Included in a large field were Sir George and Miss Whitchote, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Gifford, Major-General Sir Midway Willson, Captain and Mrs. Ellistoun, Colonel Parker, the Misses Cholmeley, Colonel Theobald, Mrs. Montague Thorold, Captain Simon, Captain Steid, Colonel Hutchinson, Mr. Cyril Greenall. Sport was marred by a disappointing scarcity of foxes, and although one fox provided a short run, scent was poor.

The finest run for a long time with Sir Watkin Wynn's Hounds was had yesterday, when the meet was at Thrapwood. Finding at once in Emral Park, there ensued a grand hunt which lasted two hours, practically without a check, the pace being a tracker throughout. Many empty saddles were seen en route, and only fifteen were up at the death. Mr. Frank Cotton was acting Master, and the field included Colonel Ormsby Gore, M.P., Lord Hugh Grosvenor, Colonel Rivers Bulkeley, Mr. Alexander Parker, etc.

After a period of inaction occasioned by the sudden condition of the country, the South Cheshire opened the hunting season yesterday from Ridley, and enjoyed two very good sporting runs. Hounds went away almost immediately with a fox from Ridley Woods, and killed at Ash House after running hard and well for forty minutes. Subsequently there was another good run of forty-five minutes.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

Orders have been issued at Aldershot for a draft of 200 non-commissioned officers and men of the 2nd East Yorks and 2nd Cheshire Regiments to be prepared to embark for India at an early date to reinforce the service battalions.

The following naval appointments are announced:—

Captains: C. H. Dare to Berwick, to date December 9; Mr. H. Smyth to Research, unaltd; H. L. Tottenham to Furious; R. G. Fraser to Bonaventure, both December 3; H. C. Reynolds to Monmouth, December 2; T. B. S. Adair to Venerable (retaining), unaltd.

Commanders: C. R. N. Burne to Furious, December 3; C. F. Monro to Rambler, December 1.

Lieutenants: R. B. C. Hutchinson to Drake, October 11 (additional); W. F. French to Benbow, December 3.

The troopship Assaye left Bombay yesterday afternoon. Lieut-Col. H. M. Sinclair, R.E., commanding Royal Engineers, Western District, has been appointed A.O.M.G. District Staff, Western District, in succession to Col. W. W. Smith.

At a naval court-martial at Chatham yesterday a seaman named Dawkins, of H.M.S. Sutlej, was sentenced to six months' hard labour, and a stoker named Read, of H.M.S. Kent, was sentenced to nine months' hard labour, for misconduct.

LADIES' HOCKEY.

St. Quintin's beat Richmond at Wormwood Scrubs yesterday by seven goals to four. Neither side was fully represented, but the winners were decidedly the stronger. Miss Byrne and Miss Reynolds were good for the winners, and Miss Buller for the losers.

The following have been chosen for the Southern Selection Committee:—Mrs. D'Oyly Gurrey, Miss Ticeat (Sussex), Miss Thompson (Middlesex). The All-England Selection Committee has been appointed as follows:—Miss Holls (North), Miss Boucher (Midland), Miss Ford (West), Mrs. D'Oyly (South).

LETTERS FROM AMERICA.

Next to exorbitant house-rent, the cost of living in New York, by comparison with London, is vastly greater in the matter of domestic servants. I am told it is higher still in Chicago. But the rates in New York suffice. The general servant, mainstay of countless happy households in Great Britain, is hard to find in New York.



MODISH MILLINERY.

A DESCRIPTIVE AND INTERESTING DISSERTATION.

THERE was once a very clever doctor; he must have been quite one of the cleverest doctors who ever lived, who gave it as his advice to a lady who came to him feeling extremely ill, and with probably not much the matter with her, "My dear Madame, tell your husband from me he is to buy you a new dress—the best that is to be had." The cure is said to have been instant and complete! But it would probably take a course of new frocks to recover the modern woman, especially one who is suffering, as we all seem to be doing, from the intolerable and incessant damp, and the only thing to do seems for someone to start a new sort of Hydro, where the "Dress Cure" could be carried out under the supervision of the most celebrated sartorial experts in London.

Without the least doubt the moral and mental effect of an entirely satisfactory frock is marvellous. The worst tempered woman becomes smiling and amiable under its influence. And even a new hat acts as an effectual and less expensive tonic. A gown is always rather an anxiety lest it should prove a disappointment, so while we are thinking about a gown we buy a hat, or two hats, or maybe three.

The Tinsel Rage.

Perchance one is a fascinating toque arrangement of white *fourré rasé*, the millinery appellation of the shorn fur of the rabbit, of which the charm hides all suspicion of its humble origin. On it are the latest development of the tinsel rage, bunches of diminutive gold and silver roses nestling among green leaves, and to one side of the back a green mousseline velvet bow. This is a delicious creation warranted to cure the bluest blues; while another with excellent remedial properties is in gaged mole-coloured chiffon, the brim bound with the mole skin and the crown of the same, while a plume to match curls over one side.

The crown and the brim of the hat no longer meet to form an inlet for the head, but the crown is placed to come well beyond the inner edge of the brim, adding to the tilted forward effect of the hat. One example in electric-blue velvet seen on a particularly smart woman had one of the very low crowns built on to the brim, and a cluster of the small ostrich tips, of the size that has been "out" for some time, also in blue, placed to the side of the back; the only other trimming was a band of blue and gold galon round the crown.

Three more golden millinery notions are to hand. First of all a beaver tricorn, the edge scalloped, and behind it laid a row of deep military braid surmounted by a band of dark blue velvet to match the beaver, the scallop most successfully cutting up the hard line of the gold. The same idea is carried

THE HOUR GLASS OF FASHION

out in the long shaped crown. Then a simple black French sailor is destitute of ornamentation save for some gold or silver cords and tassels hanging over the hair at the back. The third and last idea being for a spray of leaves, which form so fashionable an adornment just now, artfully compounded of strands of chenille and gold cord, laid on one side of a brown velvet toque.

Coque's Feathers.

Coloured coque feathers are among the smartest millinery adjuncts. Violet and aubergine being the favourite shades. A dark blue toque with an aubergine feather to one side has an excellent effect; while another, a violet hat has a most military looking bunch of coque feathers to match near the front. Mixtures of purples, maroons, and reds toning into each other in a delicious manner are the latest idea. One simple round felt of purple beaver has quilted velvet ribbon rosettes of maroon with velvet button centres, and from behind these on either side of the hat spread mixed coque feathers.

And equally of the instant is a coquettish white felt shape—suggestively tricorn in outline—the crown stitched about with cords terminating at the left side in a silver tassel, falling over the ear. A like fancy occurring in black, with gold cord and tassel substituted

to the slightly *dégagé* appearance, and if we may say so, *dégagé* sensation, we shall immediately permit ourselves to realise the discomfort and difficulties of the closely shaped veil. The which represents a singularly apt example of how cheerfully women suffer to be beautiful, according to the canons of their day.

The Picturesque in Dress.

There is something to be said for and a great deal to be said against the affectation of the picturesque in dress. It proves a pitfall to many, not so much in the use, but in the abuse of it. Knowledge and caution must both be applied in its adoption, and its suitability to circumstances and physique must be earnestly considered.

The Gift the Gods Deny us.

We do not see ourselves as others see us, so possibly the consideration as to our physical suitability to the period which happens to enchain our fancy would be wisely left to that of our candid friend. We cannot pose as Greek or Roman when our nose is a hopeless snub—in spite of flowing robe and key-pattern ornamentation; nor can we simulate a Titianesque



PARIS NOTES.

SENSATION CAUSED BY A WHITE UMBRELLA.

It seems to be entirely smart to carry very large sacs of leather, of gold links, or of knitted silk finished off with thick tassels, all enriched with jewels and metal settings of



Hat of "taupe" felt; two large Paradise birds surrounding crown, one black and the other white. The hat dips in front in a novel fashion, and is curved down against the hair and the back.

for the silver. This is one of the many hard little hats that prevail, so seasonably sensible, and which none knows better how to wear with a peculiar individual elegance all her own than the Englishwoman.

There is, too, another equally alluring, in the shape of a perfectly round turban, a regular Cossack shape, fashioned in rough silk beaver or draped beaver cloth, caught up the left side of the front with a very forest of short brush osprey held by one handsome cabochon. Sometimes carried throughout in black, with only some distinctive gilt and oxidised cabochon for ornamental relief, again in all white, or white with a black osprey, or that order reversed, and anon in seductive combinations of black and royal blue, white and emerald green, dark blue and a soupçon of orange, etc., this model carries a particular "cachet," while on occasion it is shaped into one of the persuasive narrow toques, the folds caught down on either side by two great gilt convex buttons, both these styles conveying a military order of thought.

Those who have already dared the departure, proclaim these loose veils the very epitome of comfort, and there is very little doubt that once the eye becomes accustomed

matron when our features and figure are pointed and our hair more draped than sunny. Even leaving the remote periods for the more modern, we deplore those disciples of Kate Greenaway and Walter Crane, who, rejecting our modernity, rush into the eccentricities of the "greenery-yellowery," and succeed in looking both dowdy and eccentric.

The Empire Robe Reigns Supreme.

But there is no reason that, though we may be wise to reject it as a whole, the modification of the æsthetic and picturesque may not be turned to very good account in the arrangement of our wardrobes, if, as has been said before, it is approached with caution. The beautiful woman dispensing tea in her dainty boudoir knows that she adds to her own charm and unconsciously enhances her surroundings by wearing a soft Empire tea gown, the delicate embroideries and graceful folds of which lend themselves to the atmosphere of luxurious repose which it is her ambition to create.

Empire and Louis Seize gowns, in chiffon and crêpe de Chine, and Watteau dresses in dainty French brocades, are peculiarly becoming to young girls, and have the extra recommendation of being always in fashion, because they are eternally beyond it. It is a pity, too, that the more mature, in the selection of the black gown which is to be their stand-by during a season or two do not more often give themselves the trouble of a visit to some of the galleries of the Old Masters where, in many a picture by a painter of the Dutch school they would find some suggestion for the outline of a bodice—for a dainty chemisette outlined in gold, and for many another curious conceit which would redeem their sable garment from the touch of commonplace



A charming chapeau of dull grey felt, the crown soft and slightly dented, encircled by two whole sables, the little heads bowing recognition over a handsome plain gilt buckle.

great beauty. Last season no Parisienne mondaine was seen with anything but a parasol or umbrella in her hands; yesterday the reticule was universal, and it is a comfort indeed to be able to carry one large enough to hold the handkerchief, the purse, the card-case, and all the tiny utensils for the make-up, which no mondaine is without, all of these things in fade tones, and have bend tassels, a liliputian powder-box, and tiny mirror, and a case for gold coin that is in form like a very thin cigarette case, with spaces into which to fit twelve pieces of gold of three sizes, for Louis, half Louis, and double Louis.

Newest Reticules.

Most rare of all reticules, and most sought after, are those beaded ones in quaint patterns of baskets of flowers, coronets, wreaths, and other emblems in a gay mélange of quiet colours. They are lined with fine bits of silk in fade tones, and have bend tassels and fringes. There is such a demand for the veritable antique reticule of this sort that one has to pay over a hundred francs for one.

I saw one of these carried by a lady dressed in white cloth and sable, her bag of white beads having a large bouquet on each side, one tied with green ribbons, one in a purple basket, its fringes of white and gold beads, and the whole drawn upon a ring of gold that was large enough to pass upon the wrist.

A Louis Seize Coat.

This white umbrella is creating a sensation. I saw its owner the other day at tea in the immense hall of the Palace Hotel. She came in wearing a white cloth tailored walking gown of strictest severity made in the Louis XV. shape that French women so much affect, the coat buttoned up in front with mother-of-pearl buttons set in steel rims. Her sleeves were coat-shaped with big cuff, buttons, and lace and lawn ruffles, and a cravat of sable was knotted under her chin above a lace jabot. Her hat was a two-cornered one of white plush felt, trimmed only with a white satin strap of Louis XV. embroidery, fastened with buttons like those on her coat, a large veil of white gauze hemmed with white taffeta and Tom-Thumb fringe draping her shoulders. Her white umbrella had a mother-of-pearl stick with a steel ring, and chain for the wrist, that her hands might be free for muff and skirt, the length of which, however, did not call for great exertions in the lifting. Fashion this season is kind to us in this respect.

A three-quarter length coat of mottled calfskin with cuffs and collar of scarlet cloth that the young Duchesse d'Uzes wore so much last winter over her habit for the motor-ride across country to the kennels on hunt days, is being replaced by a smart tailor who makes a speciality of automobile clothes, with a coat of velvety beige wool plush, trimmed with strappings of beige suede.



The latest toque in white felt, simply set within a straight brim of mink, two long tails hanging over the hair at the back, passed through two rings of gold and cut steel.

All Who Play Bridge

Should enter our Great Tournament To-day.

£100 TO BE GIVEN AWAY. £100

♦ You may win, and cannot lose. ♦

ON this page we repeat for the last time the FIRST COUPON in our Bridge Competition. The SECOND COUPON will appear on Monday next, and the remainder will be published on alternate days.

The great interest which this novel Tournament is exciting is shown by the large number of inquiries we have received, some of which we answer to-day. Further information will appear in Monday's issue. We regret that we cannot answer inquiries by post.

THE CASH PRIZES.

Every reader who wishes to join in the Tournament must send us full name and address (not for publication, unless desired), the *nom de guerre* (if any) which it is intended to assume, a copy of the card-diagram on this page (which must be cut from the paper) and a postal order for one shilling.

All the entrance-fees so subscribed will be divided among the prize-winners. Besides which, the Proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* will themselves give the sum of

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS.

This sum and all the entrance-fees received will be collected into one lump sum, every penny of which will be handed over to the competitor who sends in the best set of answers to the complete series of questions. If two or more competitors are equal in merit, the money will be divided.

NO LONG WAITING.

You will not have to go through a tedious period of waiting for the award to be made.

The tournament will close on December 14, and a large and experienced staff of clerks will be at work all the time checking and entering up the replies received. All solutions will be examined with scrupulous care; and if there are two (or more) ways, equally good, of playing a hand, both will be counted as correct.

THE RULES.

1. Each competitor must cut out the diagram printed on this page, sign it at foot with full name and address, add the *nom de guerre* or initials which it is desired to use, pin the diagram to the reply, and enclose the whole in an envelope, addressed to the Bridge Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carnarvon-street, London, E.C., accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.

There will only be one such entrance fee payable by each competitor during the whole of the Tournament.

Consequently, no further postal order is to be sent in forwarding the remainder of the competitors' replies.

2. New competitors may enter at any time during the progress of the Tournament; but in such a case a complete set of diagrams from the beginning must always be enclosed with the entrance fee.

3. The outside of the envelope must be legibly marked above the address: "*Daily Mirror Bridge*"

Tournament." No communication whatever relating to other matters must under any circumstances be enclosed; not even queries on points of Bridge play, etc., which must invariably be sent under separate cover.

4. In all matters admitting of reasonable doubt, the decision of the Bridge Editor (which will be given with the strictest impartiality) must be accepted as final.

5. No person in the employ of, or connected with the publication of, the *Daily Mirror* will be allowed to compete.

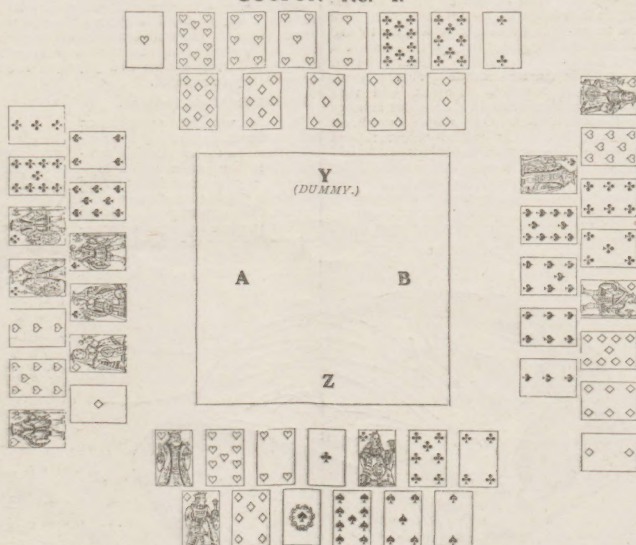
6. The above rules are subject to modification or correction before the competition closes.

The postal order for 1s. (which must be crossed Barclay and Co.) must be sent in with the first solution, and competitors are urged to send in their replies day by day if possible, each one being written on a sheet of notepaper.

Back numbers can always be obtained through newspapers, or facsimile diagrams will be sent by the Bridge Editor on receipt of two penny stamps.

December 14 is the last day on which solutions will be received.

COUPON No. 1.



Score: Love all. Z deals and declares No Trumps. A leads ♣ 3.

Write out what you consider would be the best play of the above hand if it were dealt in the ordinary course of play. The cards are not to be played as if all four hands were known, but just according to the usual rules of Bridge. Dummy's (Y's) hand being the only one laid face upwards on the table. State legibly at the head of your reply what number of tricks you claim for Y and Z.

Name..... Nom de Guerre
or
Initials
Address.....

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Question.—If there are two or more equally correct solutions either dependent on, or independent of the play of the other hands, and all these solutions are given, will more credit be given to the solver?—(From "Recneps.")

Answer.—Every correct reply will receive full credit. But the other hands must be made to play a good sound game—must not, that is, be made to lose tricks unnecessarily by foolish play. Should they have two equally good methods of play, only one need be given, unless the alternative involves some interesting and instructive point, when extra credit will be given to readers who set it out.

Question.—I cannot understand whether you require a diagram of tricks, or merely the result of the hand.—(From E. M. G.)

Answer.—The play must be written out, so as to show exactly how the result is arrived at. This is not a guessing competition.

Question.—Are the players supposed to practise the Blenheim Leads and Conventions?—(From K. M.)

Answer.—For the convenience of competitors it will be necessary to assume that the players adopt a uniform system of play. The best and simplest rules as yet put forward are those which the Blenheim Club have had printed for the use of their own Bridge-playing members. We shall print these rules in full in Monday's issue, and it will be assumed that the players A, Y, B, and Z follow them in every case to which they are applicable.

Question.—Am I allowed to send up more than one set of answers if I number each set separately and send a shilling P.O. for each set?—(From C.O.G.)

Answer.—You may send in as many complete sets as you please. Each set will be accepted and considered independently. But no single competitor will be entitled to more than one share of the prize-money.

Question.—May I give explanations and defence of any particular play in cases where I am doubtful?—(From G.G.P. and H.S.M.)

Answer.—Certainly you may, where you consider it necessary. Remember, however, not to be too diffuse. The simplest replies, when adequate, are the best.

Question.—Can you tell me the two best books on Bridge? If I don't enter your competition, I shall certainly take the *Mirror* every day.—(From Mrs. K. B.)

Answer.—There is no authoritative book, and most of the writers contradict each other. You might begin with the "A B C of Bridge," by Miss Tennant. But the Blenheim Leads and Conventions (see reply to K. M., above) will probably be quite sufficient for you at first. Don't be diffident about entering for the competition, which is specially arranged for the benefit of beginners.

Ernest Bergholt.

"Girls must be Well Fed"

"Between the ages of twelve and sixteen girls develop with great rapidity, both mentally and physically. The body must be well supplied with the materials out of which to manufacture energy and the elements of repair. In other words, girls must be well fed."

Dr. ALICE M. HART
("Diet in Sickness and Health")

"FORCE"

Per Packet

6d.

of all Grocers.

Feeds well both the grown and the growing.





Scheme for Furnishing a Hall in a Town House.

AN ALLIANCE OF ESPRIT NET AND LACE.

The graceful evening toilette shown on this page is being offered expressly with a view to meeting the exigencies of the home-worker, who is possessed perchance of a silk or satin



A Silk Slip, trimmed with Velvet.

foundation that has seen its best days, though one still fully capable of affording the best support to some diaphanous fabric. It may be argued that such things can be bought ready made, at a moderate price, which is true enough. But only a comparatively long purse could secure such a really elegant little gown as the one illustrated, with its three tier skirt appliqué with lace and waterfall back, and pretty bébé bodice set with an originally-shaped empiece-ment of the lace. The suggestion would be completely charming in black esprit net over white, with folded ecru and sash ends of that lovely soft electro pink velvet, a nuance that at once strikes a supreme note of novelty. Esprit net is perhaps the cheapest transparency we have, and there is one quality in

particular that runs three yards in width. The lace application will doubtless prove the most costly indulgence, though that might well be rendered narrower, without in any way detracting from the general good effect.

Considerable interest attaches to the return of the simple waterfall back, than which no more attractive drapery has ever been in vogue; and, en passant, it may be whispered how certain influential modistes are prepared at any moment to emphasise the vogue to a pronounced extent.

Then the only remaining detail to be disposed of is the shaped empiece-ment finishing the décolletage. This can be either fashioned out of an ordinary undulating insertion, or a straight insertion manoeuvred into the required form. It is then mounted on to net, and the top edge finely wired all round, when the narrowest possible draw thread serves to complete a satisfactory whole.

Approximate quantity of very wide width net, 6 yards; wide lace, 8 yards. Flat pattern, 6ld.; tacked up, including flat, 2s. 7½d.

COMMONPLACE HOUSES.

SUGGESTIONS FOR MAKING ARTISTIC ALTERATIONS.

A walk through the streets and squares of London brings forcibly to our notice how seldom the average householder seems to devote any thought to the aspect of his home from the outside.

He appears to be quite content to leave it exactly like, and as hideous as, all the others in his neighbourhood, forgetting that, by judicious, and not necessarily costly, alterations, his domicile can be made to break the dreary monotony of grey-tinted fronts, and, at the same time, to give it that individuality that marks it as the abode of the man of taste. Though restrictions are many—

local and otherwise—it is seldom, for instance, that permission cannot be obtained to alter the two elongated dining-room windows into one of quaint, wide proportion.

This, with a new front door—possibly of oak with beaten iron, or copper hinges and fittings, at once gives character to the lower portion, which, being on the eye-line, is, of course, most noticeable. One word of warn-

place house, is the hall, generally a narrow passage, widened out at the end to make room for the long flight of stairs that starts immediately facing us as we enter.

It is to the small room behind the dining-room that we turn to help us in our difficulty. As a rule this is seldom used, being often dark, or with an ugly outlook; but if the partition dividing it from the hall is removed—which is quite a simple operation—and the lower steps of the staircase turned round, it at once forms the central and most important feature of the house.

In our climate the chief interest naturally centres round the hearthstone, and a cheery fire—perhaps of crackling logs—is the best welcome that can greet us on entering our house. And when, in addition, the fire is enclosed by the cosy ingle-nook we have built round it, with comfortable seats at either side, and niches for books and cupboards for cigars, we realise that the thought and money expended on this usually neglected and dreary part of our house is well spent, inasmuch as it forms a fitting introduction and valuable adjunct to the various living rooms.

If our taste lies in the direction of quotations and old-world mottoes, what could be more appropriate than to inscribe over our ingle-nook:—

"Welcome ever smiles, And Farewell goes out sighing."

The question of the colour arrangement for our hall and staircase is a matter that cannot be successfully decided without most careful thought, as the aspect and amount of light have both to be taken into consideration. If the outlook is cold, we may, allowing the windows are of fair size, go in for a rich and mellow effect—the oak fittings being darkened in tone, and the whole scheme made a harmony of pleasant warmth and colour, heightened by the glow of the copper hood and the red bricks of the fire opening.

On the other hand, when light is at a premium, we must at once dismiss all idea of the heavier treatment. The woodwork would be painted a creamy white, and a high dado formed, say, of light brown paper, divided at intervals with wooden slates. Old prints and etchings look their best on a background of this description, and it harmonises well with our deep frieze of ivory silk fibre paper, on which we have stencilled conventional trees in soft greens. The carpets and hangings being also in tones of green and brown give the necessary finishing touches to the colour interest.



Simple and Effective Evening Toilette for the Home Dressmaker.

ing against the use of that dirty stone colour, with which the average builder delights to daub the exterior of our houses! Why should we not use a clean ivory tone, and look cheerful and charming?

The initial difficulty that is confronted on starting to treat the interior of our common-

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE SLENDER PURSE.

How to dress sumptuously on the proverbial twopence a year has a promise of becoming fact, thanks to the constant occasions or sales that abound. And grace shall be accounted to the recent wretched weather for this distinct gain. Among the latest establishments to join the fray of clearing superfluous stock at popular prices is that of Messrs. Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, who commence on Monday a special sale of most comprehensive character. Glacé underskirts beautifully frilled and decoratively kilited throughout, commence at 10s. 11d., the notable examples being the Triumph and the Orchid.

A really marvellous knockabout tricorné toque in black, cream, and brown felt, with feather pom-pom, is marked at 10s. 6d., and will assuredly sell quickly.



SOME PRETTY FAL-LALS OF THE MOMENT.



A little collection of dainty ecceteras claims your attention this morning. First comes a novel belt of soft black satin ribbons, interlaced through silk eyelet holes to form a corselet at the back; while the front fastens into a nouveau art-clasp.

Then follows a delightful Louis Seize corselet of rose taffetas mousseline cut on the cross and folded over a foundation which is carefully whale-boned, and closing under three velvet rosettes.

Another sketch shows quite a new shaped collar made of orange-coloured chiffon velvet, ornamented with cream and gold galon. (85) While an idea which will appeal to the woman who possesses pieces

of fur she wishes remodelled, is a pelerine with ends and cape of Astrakhan, while crinane forms the turn-over collar; or many other combinations of fur would look equally well.

A charming cravat of cream-coloured crash buttonholed and embroidered with flax thread.

A dainty tie of chérie brocade with the hem joined by fagot stitch.

Crash used to form a Cravat, buttonholed round with flax thread.

A Collar and Knotted Cravat of soft Chene Brocade, with a hem-stitched border.





A Little Luncheon For Sunday.

Pretty Dishes
for a
Mid-day Meal.

THE Sunday lunch has long been recognised as one of the most delightful of social institutions, and there is not the slightest doubt that the gay little meal, with its hot dishes, is highly appreciated both by the guests and the host who, like the rest of mankind, infinitely prefer this tempting repast to the cold one which is served too often in many households.

For them and as well for all those who make the hot mid-day meal of Sunday their dinner, the following recipes have been specially compiled.

SALADE DE POISSON.—Ingredients: Half a pound of the remains of any boiled fish, three hard-boiled eggs, three filleted anchovies, one small beetroot, one lettuce, two or three gherkins, tartare sauce, salt and pepper. Remove all skin and bones from the fish, and divide it into flakes; sprinkle these over with salt, pepper, vinegar, and oil. Arrange the fish in a circle on a dish, round it put a ring of the hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters lengthways. Cut the beetroot into large dice, and tear the lettuce into small pieces. Mix these two with some tartare sauce, pile them up in the centre of the fish, and decorate with long strips of anchovy and gherkin. Arrange round all a border of the prettiest lettuce leaves.

FILETS DE BARBUE A LA VATE.—Ingredients: O. Small half filleted, one ounce of grated Parmesan, and one of Gruyere cheese, half a pint of milk, two ounces butter, quarter of an ounce of flour, one glass of sherry, half a lemon and a small onion, a sprig of parsley. Skin and cut the filets into neat oblong pieces. Put them into a well-buttered deep tin. Dust them with salt and pepper, a few drops of lemon juice, and the wine. Put over some thin rings of onion. Cover them with a buttered paper. Cook them in the oven for about ten to twelve minutes. Put the fish trimmings, milk, and parsley into a stewpan. Stir them, then pour in the milk and strain the liquid. Melt half the butter in a pan, add the flour to it, also about a gill and a half of the fish stock. Stir over the fire till it boils, then mix the two kinds of cheese together, and add half of them to this sauce, also the rest of the butter and the juice from the tin the fish was baked in. Season the sauce well and pour a little of it in an oval fireproof dish. Arrange the filets on top, pour over the rest of sauce. Sprinkle over the top the remaining cheese. Brown the surface with a salamander or in a very quick oven and serve very hot.

SPAGHETTI A L'ITALIENNE.—Ingredients: A quarter of a pound of macaroni, eight sauce oysters, one ounce of butter, salt and pepper, a little lemon juice, quarter of a pint of tomato pulp, one tablespoonful of salad oil. One ounce of grated Parmesan cheese, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, capers and truffle for garnishing. Put the spaghetti into fast boiling salted water and cook till it is tender, then strain off the hot water and lay the spaghetti in cold water. Beard the oysters and cut each into three. Melt the butter in a pan, lay the oysters in it, sprinkle them with salt, pepper, and lemon juice, and toss them in the butter over the fire for two minutes. Then pour the tomato pulp and salad oil over them, and add the spaghetti, cheese, and chopped parsley. Make this mixture thoroughly hot. Cut a slice of bread about two inches thick. Trim off all crusts, notch it prettily round the edge with a knife, and hollow out the centre, leaving only a case. Fry this into a golden brown. Drain it well, put it on a dish and fill it in with the mixture, garnishing it prettily with little heaps of chopped truffle and capers alternately.

JUGGED HARE.—Ingredients: One hare, one onion, two cloves of garlic, two ounces of good butter or dripping, eight cloves, salt and pepper, one blade of mace, about two ounces of flour, a bunch of herbs, a piece of carrot. First skin and paring the hare. Then cut it into small neat joints, dusting each over with flour, pepper, and salt, which have been mixed lightly together. Peel the onion and stick the cloves into it. Tie the herbs together with a piece of fine string. Put the joints of the hare into a "marmite," or a brown stewing jar; add also the onion, herbs, carrot, garlic, and mace. Pour in enough water or stock to cover the hare, etc. Put on a tight-fitting lid, put the jar in the oven or on the stove, and let its contents simmer gently for two or more hours. Then

melt the butter in a small pan, add the flour, and stir it in smoothly. Next add this thickening gradually to the liquor in the jar, stir it over the fire till it boils and thickens. Season it carefully to taste. Take out the herbs, garlic, onion, and mace. Tie a clean serviette round the jar and serve it as hot as possible. Hand with it a dish of red currant jelly.

PRIZES FOR RECIPES.

Every Saturday the *Daily Mirror* will award a prize of one guinea for the best cookery recipe. The recipe must begin by stating each ingredient to be used in making the dish, and the price of the dish must be given. The recipe must be written on post cards, and must be addressed:—

"Chef," the *Daily Mirror*,
2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C.

The last date for sending in this week's recipe is Thursday, November 19th.

We award the prize of £1 ls. for the best cookery recipe this week to Miss L. Woolley, 55, Gloucester-road, Gloucester-gate, N.W., for the recipe:

TIMBALE FROID A LA TOULOUSE.

INGREDIENTS.—Half pound cooked chicken or veal, two ounces of lean ham, half pint of cream, one anchovy, one and a half gills of aspic, one truffle, one gherkin, chilli, aspic cream seasoning. Cut up meat and ham, pound in a mortar, add anchovy, pound with meat, rub through wire sieve. Put paste into a basin, mix in whipped cream and seasoning. Mask a timbale mould with aspic, decorate with the truffle, gherkin, and chilli, coat the inside with a layer of aspic cream (the two tablespoonfuls of cream to one of aspic), whip the aspic jelly to a froth, mix with the sauce, adding trimmings of truffle, finish with layer of aspic cream, put on ice to set. When set turn out and serve. Cost 2s. 6d.

A pretty cold dish suitable for lunch or supper.

£500 for a Postcard.

We are desirous of receiving suggestions for the development of the *Daily Mirror*. We will present

£1,000

to those who send the best hints, written on postcards, on or before Wednesday, December 2nd. Any person can send any number of hints, and gentlemen as well as ladies can assist. The rule should be observed of one hint on one postcard.

The £1,000 will be divided as follows:—

For the Best Suggestion - - £500.

For the Second Best - - £100.

Eighty other Suggestions - - £5 each.

The winners may, if they choose, nominate charities for the receipt of their awards if they do not care to retain the money themselves.

With regard to the awards for postcard suggestions, the Editors of the *Daily Mirror* reserve to themselves the absolute right to be the sole arbiters in making any gift or award without giving any reason, and in case of any dispute their decision must be considered as final.

All postcards should be addressed:—

Suggestion Department,
THE DAILY MIRROR,
2, Carmelite-street,
LONDON, E.C.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End shops.

No. 27.—CRONSTADES OF HAM.

INGREDIENTS.—Slices of stale bread, about one and a half inches thick, one gill of milk, one raw egg, one hard-boiled egg, breadcrumbs, half a pound of cooked ham, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, three tablespoonfuls of cream or white sauce, one truffle, seasoning.

Remove all crusts from the bread. Stamp out, with a round cutter, pieces the size of the top of a sherry glass. Remove the centres with a knife so as to leave a hollow case. Dip each case for a second or two in the milk, then egg, crumb, and fry them in hot fat.

Chop the ham, hard-boiled egg, and parsley, mix them with two tablespoonfuls of crumbs, the cream or sauce, and parsley, and carefully mix and season.

Make this mixture very hot, fill each case with it; it should be slightly heaped in the centre. Sprinkle the top of each with coarsely chopped truffle.

Cost 2s. 6d. for eight portions.

No. 28.—VIENNA BISCUITS.

INGREDIENTS.—Four ounces of flour, one ounce of castor sugar, two ounces of butter, one egg, two ounces of plain chocolate, red currant jelly, almonds and pistachio nuts.

Mix together the flour and sugar, then rub the butter finely into them. Beat the yolk of the egg with one tablespoonful of milk, then add enough of this egg and milk mixture to the flour to make it into a soft, but not sticky, paste.

Roll this paste out to about an eighth of an inch thick, stamp it out into small rounds with a cutter. Out of half of these rounds remove a smaller round from the centre. Bake these rounds in a slow oven for about half-an-hour. Melt the chocolate slowly in a saucepan.

When the cakes are cold, spread some chocolate on one and press another which has the centre out quickly on the top. When all are done put a small piece of red currant jelly in the centre and decorate them alternately with chopped almonds and pistachios.

Cost 1s. 2d. for about a dozen biscuits.

No. 29.—MILANNAISE SOUFFLE.

INGREDIENTS.—Three eggs. Six tablespoonfuls of castor sugar. Rind and juice of two lemons. Three-quarters of an ounce of leaf gelatine. Three tablespoonfuls of hot water. Half a pint of cream. One ounce of ratafias.

Tie round the top of a china or plated soufflé case a band of foolscap paper, so that it stands about three inches higher than the case. Beat the yolks of the eggs well together with the sugar. Add to them three grated lemon rinds and juice. Stir these over a slow fire till quite hot but not boiling.

Strain this mixture into a basin to become cold.

Melt the gelatine in the water. Whip the cream, add it lightly to the cold egg mixture, also the whites of eggs very stiffly whisked. Strain in the melted gelatine. Keep it in the basin, stirring it now and then till it is beginning to stiffen. Then pour it out into the case; it should reach nearly to the top of the paper band. Let it become cold. Shake the ratafias finely powdered over the top. Gently take off the paper band. Serve in the soufflé case.

Cost 2s. for six portions.

No. 30.—TARTINES OF ANCHOVIES.

INGREDIENTS.—One French roll, butter, four anchovies, one hard-boiled egg, one or two pickled gherkins, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley.

Cut six round slices from the roll and well butter them. Unroll the anchovies and wipe off all oil carefully, then cut the filets into thin long strips.

Arrange these strips in a neat lattice work, cutting them into the lengths required. Fill in the squares made by the strips with the finely chopped white of egg, the yolk of the same powdered, the chopped parsley, and the chopped gherkins. Arrange these so that the different colours contrast prettily.

Arrange the tartines on a pretty lace paper.

Cost 6d. for six portions.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

Scrambled Eggs with Minceed Chicken.
Brain Fritters. Potted Beef.
Kidney Cakes. Boiled Bacon.

LUNCH.

Brussel Sprout Purée. Normandy Pippins and Cream.
Cucumber Sandwiches. Egg Cutlets.
Rabbit Pie. * Cronstades of Ham.
French Mince. Fig Pudding.

COLD DISHES.

Cold Beef. Meat Patties. Veal Gateau.

TEA.

Crumpets. Adelaide Sandwiches.
Cherry Buns. * Vienna Biscuits.
Tennis Cake.

DINNER.

Clear Chicken Soup. Spinach Purée.

FISH.

Baked Mullet and Tomato Sauce.
Entrées.

Timbales of Chicken.
Filets of Beef with Mushrooms.

ROAST.

Loin of Pork, stuffed and Piquante Sauce.
Leg of Mutton.

GAME.

Roast Plovers. Rechauffé of Venison.
Vegetables.

Potatoes à la Maître d'Hôtel.
Celeriac with White Sauce.

DESSERTS.

* Milanaise Soufflé. Apple Charlotte.
Savouries.
* Tartines of Anchovy. Cheese Aigrettes.
Ice.
Strawberry.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

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Lobsters.	Canadian Salmon.		
	Oysters.	Crabs.	Prawns.
	Crayfish.	Shrimps.	
	Poultry and Game.		
Chickens.	Geese.	Ducks.	Turkeys.
Rabbits.	Pigeons.		Partridges.
Venison.	Hares.	Plovers.	Teal.
	Snipe.	Wildgeon.	
	Meat.		
Mutton.	Beef.	Veal.	Pork.
	Vegetables.		
Spinach.	Sorrel.		Sprue.
Artichokes.	Salads of all kinds.		
	Cauliflowers.		Celery.
Shallots.	Cabbages.		Carrots.
	Brussels Sprouts.		
	Leeks.		Cucumbers.
	Fruit.		
Grapes.	Oranges.		Pears.
Bananas.	Nuts.		Cranberries.
Limes.	Pineapples.		Medlars.
	Californian Plums.		

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

	Flowers for the Table.
Small White Double Dahlias.	
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Yellow Marguerites.	Lilies of the Valley.
	Smilax.
Cut Flowers and Flowers in Pots.	
Aspidistra.	Green Azaleas.
Heaths.	Winter Chrysanthemums.
Marguerites.	Solanums.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 12.—POULARDE A LA DEMIDOFF.

By M. ESCOFFIER, of the Carlton Hotel.

Season with salt, pepper, and little sugar, and moisten with a piece of fresh butter, six ounces of carrots and four ounces of turnips, grooved and cut in small crescents, the size of a two shilling piece. Parbraise a fine trussed poularde, remove it into a cocotte-pan, with the above vegetables, and its own liquor. Let it simmer, and a few minutes before serving it add three ounces of cut truffles, of the same shape as the vegetables.

Memoranda for Housekeepers.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Friday evening.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XIII.

Continued.

ONE night, at a ball, Colonel Joscelyn stepped suddenly out on a balcony, where a man and a woman were sitting out a dance, just in time to hear the girl say, "No one seems to have thought of it before, but it certainly was extremely funny!" Catching sight of him, she had flushed scarlet, and betrayed by a startled gasp that he had been the subject of her remark.

Paul Joscelyn strode away, smiling grimly at the idea that all those uneasy glances that he had intercepted, and all the whisperings and questioning, and pointing that had created that almost intangible atmosphere around him, meant suspicion. They suspected him of having something to do with Detmold's death!

This was an exaggeration; suspect him they did not. No person in their senses would have done that. But, started by a chance remark, the ball of talk had been set rolling, and had grown, and all the people who had at first talked to him, now talked about him behind his back. This attitude might be epitomised in the frivolous girl's remark that he had overheard at the ball—"It certainly was extremely funny!"

That was what they were saying. They had said it to him a hundred times, but with a slightly different meaning.

The Colonel, exaggerating their suspicions, treated them with contempt. He was furiously angry, not because of what they said, but because he could not bear that atmosphere of being talked about and discussed. In such matters the lion-hearted soldier was as sensitive as a nervous woman.

He went about, looking grimmer than ever, though, from his manner, no one would have guessed that he was conscious of so much as a curious glance.

He felt glad to be going back to Torhampton on this day, as he drove back to the Albany from his interview with Helen Lorison. Strict attention to duty would be the best tonic for irritated nerves. There, at least, he would be left in peace, for the little town was always busy with its own scandals, and, to the people there Lewis Detmold was only a name, except to the mess and to the landlord of the inn whose rooms he had rented when he followed Paul Joscelyn, leaving the distractions of town for weeks together in order to enjoy the Colonel's society when his military duties could spare him, so assiduous in his attentions to the whole mess that there were bets among the light-hearted subalterns as to whether or no he would follow the regiment in case of war.

By the time he was back in London it would all have blown over; it would be forgotten. People would have got hold of some other mystery, some other man or woman to tear to pieces in their insatiable greed for something to talk about.

But for that shrinking from being discussed, which was inherent in him, he would not have minded the gossip for himself; the furtive and shamefaced glances of his friends would have filled him only with grim amusement. But he was afraid that Martia Chesney must know what was happening, that this intangible cloud had gathered about his name, and that in her generous heart she would make herself miserable about it.

He would have liked to go to her, and to say, "Mrs. Chesney, whatever you hear, don't let it upset you. Whatever men say or think of me, I deserve it; and I care about nothing in the world so long as you do not have to suffer through my infamous behaviour, which was unworthy of the veriest scoundrel on God's earth!" But he could not, for the secret that they had buried between them was one that could never be dug up, and in future their be-

haviour towards each other must always be as though that night had never been.

When he arrived at his chambers his Indian servant informed him that a gentleman had been waiting to see him in his study and, when he reproved the man for allowing anyone to wait, reminding him that they were due to start almost immediately, the Indian replied that he had in vain tried to induce the stranger to go and to communicate his business to the sahib in a letter.

With an impatient frown on his brow, Paul Joscelyn entered his study. A tall, thin man rose from a chair, and, from his clean-shaven, alert face, the Colonel judged him to be a lawyer.

"My name is Hurst," the stranger began.

"I am the senior partner in the firm of solicitors to whom the late Mr. Detmold entrusted his business."

The cloud deepened on the Colonel's face. Again the dead man's name rose to importune him. Was he never to hear the last of it? What could Detmold's lawyer have to say to him?

He stiffly begged Mr. Hurst to be seated and to state his business as briefly as possible. He sat down himself at the other end of the table.

"I have no doubt, Colonel Joscelyn," began the lawyer in a thin voice, with a stilted pronunciation, "that what I have to say will be as great a surprise to you as it was to me, as it will be to the world in general. Of course, I believe that my late client's friendship for you was of the most cordial nature, but—"

"I have exactly half an hour in which to catch my train, Mr. Hurst," interrupted the Colonel none too patiently.

"I beg your pardon," said the lawyer, with a nervous smile. "I will be brief. We have discovered among Mr. Detmold's papers a will bearing a later date than the one which has already been proved, which, with the exception of the annuity for Mrs. Lorison, leaves you the sole heir to everything Mr. Detmold possessed."

"That is utterly ridiculous," said the Colonel shortly. He was so angry and so annoyed that he did not attempt to give this surprising piece of news a moment's serious thought.

"Nevertheless, it is true," remarked the lawyer obsequiously. "The will, as far as we can see, is perfectly valid. It was made exactly a month ago, without our knowledge, whereas the one which leaves our late client's property to his half-brother was drawn up by us more than a year ago, and a codicil in favour of Mrs. Lorison added three months later. We have informed Mr. Ludovic Clare of this discovery, and he replied at once that he would contest it. I received his letter just as I came away from the office, but I don't see that he has much of a case."

Paul Joscelyn's face was black as thunder. He only saw this remarkable piece of news in one light. It meant more publicity, more opportunity for talk, for surmise, for questions, and conjectures, and hints, and ill-natured comments from the people who called themselves his friends. For once he was betrayed out of his usual indolent reserve into a very storm of anger, due no doubt to his irritated nerves and to this unexpected reappearance in a new guise of the hateful business that he had imagined he had at last done with for good and all.

"I don't want his money," he said furiously, bringing his clenched fist down on the table with a bang that made the lawyer nearly start out of his chair. "It is like his bad taste to have made such a ridiculous will. I'm tired of the whole thing. Tell Ludovic Clare he can take the money and go to the devil! And don't let me hear another word about it!"

CHAPTER XIV.

"AND—I say, Martia, if you come across the Colonel, be careful!"

"Be careful? What do you mean?" Martia Chesney turned her beautiful, grave eyes a little anxiously on her husband, who, truth to tell, looked as if he were rather ashamed of what he had said.

There were but a few minutes before the train was due to start. Martia, in an immaculately neat dark-blue serge costume, with a gleam of rich Oriental embroidery in the lining of the coat, and a white lace veiled round her broad flat hat, was already seated in sole possession of a first-class carriage. Philip stood on the step. Martia was

How lovely is the perfect marriage. The two beings may be alike in character and disposition or, as some think, better still, they may be diverse, supplementing the one the other; but in either case they are one. Drawn to each other by that nameless something which comes from God, reading each other, generally speaking, from the very first, understanding those peculiarities which puzzle often the very closest friends, their spirits meet and embrace. Of such affection it is true to-day; it has ever been that it has no equal, no rival, in its influence for good upon the life. All adversity is bearable if only love be there. No joy is real if love be absent.

It should be unnecessary to say much as to the case in regard to religion in every home. Those who come to get God's blessing on their marriage must surely live in accordance with His laws, in reliance upon His help. One little word may be said as to the servants in the Christian home. It is often forgotten that they are part of the family. Let this be specially remembered in the matter of prayer and worship. The mistress who mothers her servants is helping those who, without such assistance, are often terribly alone.

travelling alone to Torhampton. They could not afford to reserve the whole carriage, and Philip trusted to his scowling face to drive away any other passengers who might attempt to intrude on his wife's seclusion. As the train was almost empty, it seemed as if his stratagem would meet with success.

"What do you mean, Philip?" she repeated, as he remained silent, appearing to be searching about in his mind for an explanation of his own words.

He climbed up into the carriage and sat down opposite on the top of some illustrated papers.

"I know quite well what I mean," he said slowly, "but it is difficult to say. One feels mean—there is nothing really against him, except what there always was, to my mind. Oh, well," he concluded somewhat lamely, "haven't I always said that he is a man I should hate you to come in contact with?"

"But it was something else you meant, wasn't it, Phil?" she asked. "I have never known Colonel Joscelyn, except as your chief, to whom it was our duty to be polite."

Frowning darkly on a too venturesome man, who was glancing at the vacant seats in the carriage, Philip missed the strange, unnatural tone of her voice.

The man passed on. "Oh, hang it," said Philip, "yes, it was something else. Sweetheart, I tell you, I hate to seem mean and to kick a fellow when he is down. But I cannot help it. I want you to try, of course, without showing it, to avoid him. You have such perfect tact; you can do it without wounding him. After all, there is very little to undo. As you say, he is a perfect stranger to you. I shouldn't have spoken at all, only the other night, at the ball in honour of Verulam's engagement and return, I saw you talking to him for quite a long time, and—oh, dearest, you don't mind my saying this?—it is for your own sake."

His voice was quite miserable and, strangely enough, hers, when she answered, was just a little cold.

"Tell me, Phil, why is it that you say this to-day particularly?"

"Because he is at Torhampton, and you are going there, and he will call, and it rests with you either to relegate him to the old position of an almost complete stranger, or to continue the somewhat nearer acquaintance that seems to have sprung up since that unfortunate business about Detmold. I don't know how it happened I'm sure. Of course you couldn't be rude to him; but I don't know why he called. It was only a matter that concerned the regiment; it would have been far more dignified, I think, if he had sent for me."

"But you have reason to be grateful to him?" she suggested, with a touch of warmth.

"Of course I have. He extended my leave of his own accord, and was most awfully sympathetic about the pater. But that again does not concern you."

"No," she said.

"Martia," he cried somewhat irritably, "what is the matter with you? You—you seem to think I'm wrong; I tell you—I know it sounds mean. But you can't judge; you don't hear all the things that I do."

"I hear enough," she retorted, with an energy that surprised him. It was almost as if she were letting out feelings long repressed. "I'm tired to death of it. I go nowhere but I hear Colonel Joscelyn discussed. It seems as if there were no other subject but that—that unfortunate man's death—in the whole world. People are atrociously mean. They don't say anything definite, but they talk, talk, talk."

"Since the story about the will became known, and he refused the money, and it was rumoured that he made a violent scene with the lawyer who told him the news, I think you can't say that gossip has no justification," said Philip meditatively. "It certainly was extremely funny!"

"Extremely funny!" She gave a little hysterical laugh. "That's what everybody says. They are all cowards. They don't accuse him of anything, or give him a chance to defend himself. They just talk and whisper and point. Why shouldn't Mr. Detmold have left Colonel Joscelyn his money? He probably didn't care a pin for his half-brother, and he had no other relatives. It was most generous of Colonel Joscelyn to refuse the fortune."

"There are people who call what you term generous by a different name." Philip's eyes had grown a little moody.

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"DAILY MIRROR" SERMONETTE.

SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THIS PAPER.

By the Rev. H. RUSSELL WAKEFIELD.

"Thou hast kept the good wine until now."—St. John xii, 10.
It was at a wedding feast that these words were spoken. The beginning of the banquet had been good, but, in consequence of better. The Guest was our Lord Jesus Christ. His action had been that He turned water into wine at the moment when the supply of this latter was exhausted. The application which one would desire to make of this incident is that fact is in the spiritual sense noticeable. If there is a reliance upon the power of Jesus Christ, if He has been invited and His idea as to marriage has been the central thought of those who are the contracting parties, then in very truth the joy of the union is a daily growing fact.

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